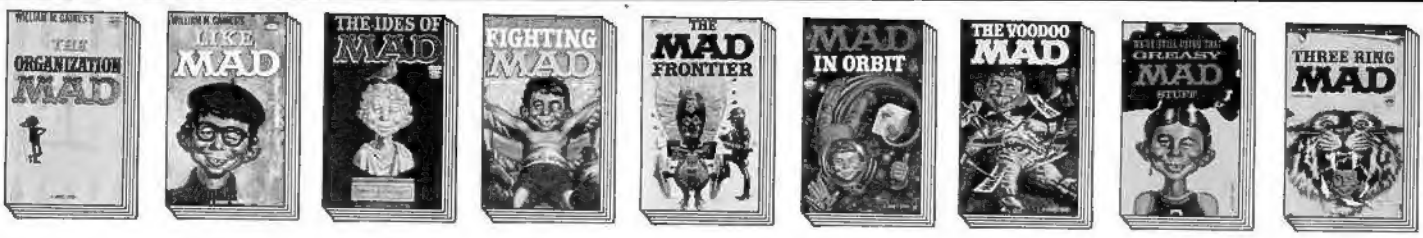
Jan. '67

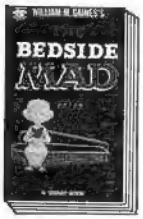
No. 108

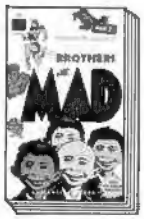
MAD

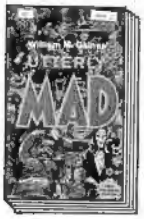
IND

OUR PRICE 30c CHEAP





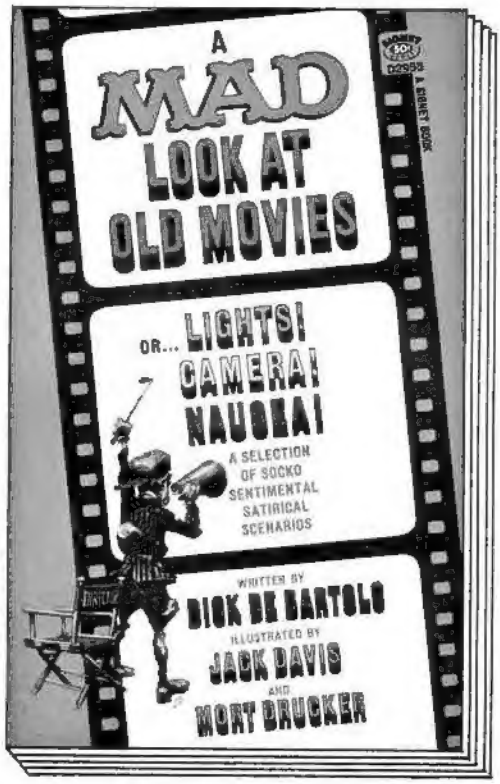




DO YOU ENJOY WRAPPING GIFTS? THEN YOU'LL LOVE THIS "RAP" AT OLD MOVIES!

(Our Latest MAD Book!)

GIVE MAD PAPERBACK BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS!



use coupon or duplicate

MAD 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

PLEASE SEND THE MAD PAPERBACK BOOKS I HAVE CHECKED BELOW TO:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP-CODE _____ AN ABSOLUTE MUST

AND SEND A CHEERY CHRISTMAS GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT ALONG WITH THEM BLAMING:

_____

☐ **I ENCLOSE 50¢ EACH**
MINIMUM ORDER: TWO BOOKS

☐ **I ENCLOSE $11.75 FOR ALL 28 BOOKS**
THIS SPECIAL OFFER EXPIRES MIDNIGHT, DEC. 24th, 1966

- ☐ The **MAD** Reader
- ☐ **MAD** Strikes Back
- ☐ Inside **MAD**
- ☐ Utterly **MAD**
- ☐ The Brothers **MAD**
- ☐ The Bedside **MAD**
- ☐ Son of **MAD**
- ☐ The Organization **MAD**
- ☐ Like **MAD**
- ☐ The ides of **MAD**
- ☐ Fighting **MAD**
- ☐ The **MAD** Frontier
- ☐ **MAD** in Orbit
- ☐ The Voodoo **MAD**
- ☐ Greasy **MAD** Stuff
- ☐ Three Ring **MAD**
- ☐ Self-Made **MAD**
- ☐ The **MAD** Sampler
- ☐ World, World, etc. **MAD**
- ☐ Raving **MAD**
- ☐ Boiling **MAD**
- ☐ **DON MARTIN** Steps Out
- ☐ **DON MARTIN** Bounces Back
- ☐ **DON MARTIN** Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ **DAVE BERG** Looks At The U.S.A.
- ☐ **DAVE BERG** Looks At People
- ☐ The All-New **SPY vs. SPY**
- ☐ A **MAD** Look at Old Movies

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails. Check or Money Order preferred! On all orders outside the United States please add 10% Extra!

NUMBER 108 JANUARY 1967

MAD

"A Class Reunion is when Alumni get together to find out who's too successful to show up!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, RICHARD GRILLO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BAITING THE TRAPPS DEPARTMENT
The Sound Of Money (A MAD Movie Satire) 41

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Mail 34

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
Another Visit With A Sculptor 9
Once Again In The Laboratory 48

GIFT TILL IT HURTS DEPARTMENT
A MAD Shopping Guide To Gifts For Finks 32

HAH-MONICKER DEPARTMENT
A Portfolio of "MAD Namelies" 20

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 13, 23

LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
Drawn-Out Dramas by Sergio Aragones ..... **

MEIN "KAMP" HUMOR DEPARTMENT
Hokum's Heroes (A MAD TV-Show Satire) 4

NATIONAL "HANG-UP" DEPARTMENT
Telephone Soliciting 26

PUNT OF VIEW DEPARTMENT
Football As Covered By Other Publications 38

PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS! DEPARTMENT
More Snappy Answers To Those Old Clichés 14

SEASONED GREETINGS DEPARTMENT
Christmas Cards We'd Like To See 10

STATUS QUOTES DEPARTMENT
Ads For Other 1967 Vehicles 18

SUMMA CUM LOUDMOUTH DEPARTMENT
What Is A B.M.O.C.? 24

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—Jan. 1967 Vol. 1, Number 108, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 21 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A., 21 issues $6.25. Allow 8 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1966 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

HOKUM'S HEROES (TV SHOW SATIRE) Pg. 4

SNAPPY ANSWERS TO THOSE OLD CLICHES Pg. 14

WHAT IS A B.M.O.C.? Pg. 24

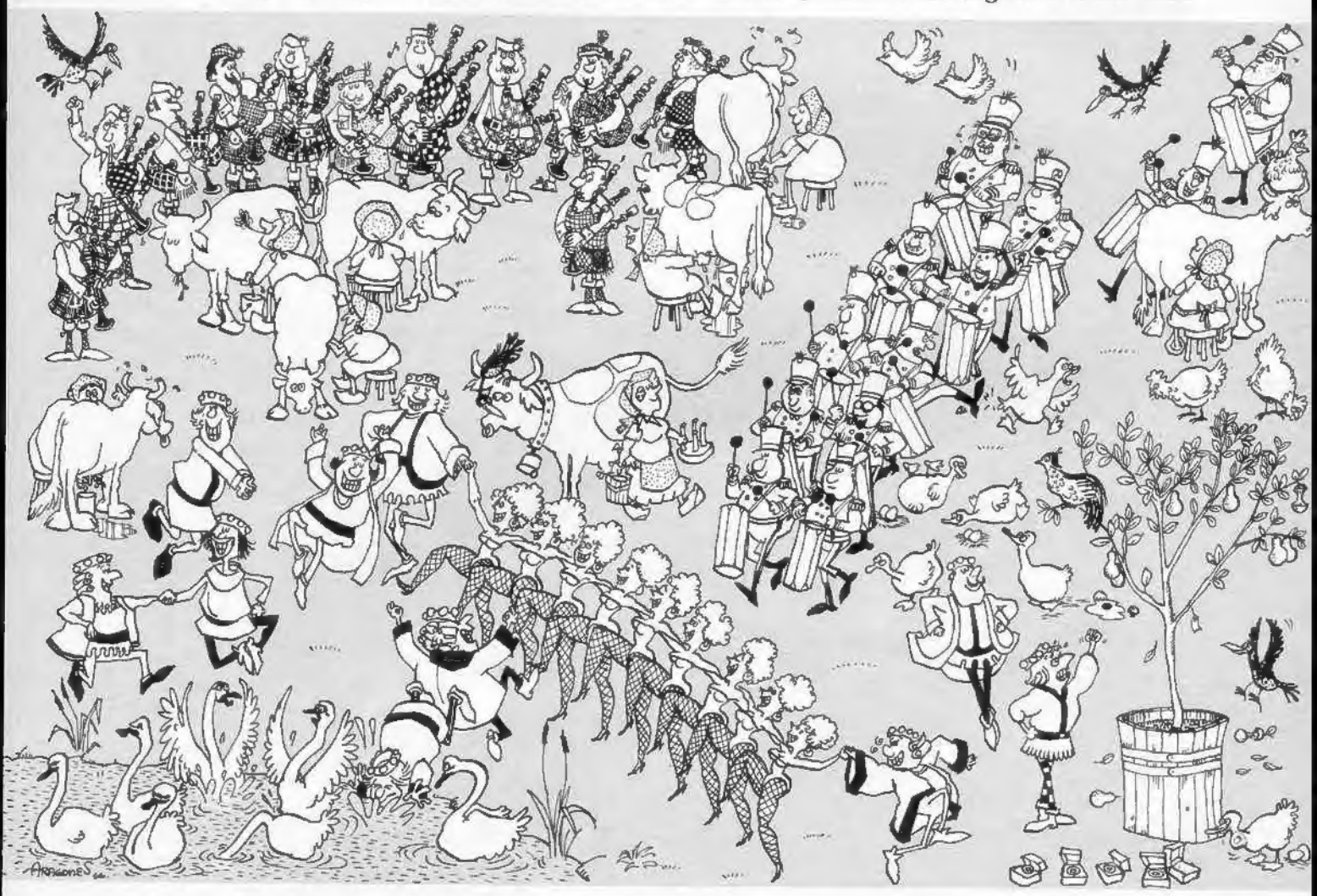
A MAD LOOK AT TELEPHONE SOLICITING Pg. 26

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF MAIL Pg. 34

THE SOUND OF MONEY (MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 41

WHY BOTHER TO GIVE CHRISTMAS GIFTS LIKE

12 Drummers drumming ∗ 11 Pipers piping ∗ 10 Lords a-leaping ∗ 9 Ladies dancing
8 Maids a-milking ∗ 7 Swans a-swimming ∗ 6 Geese a-laying ∗ 5 Golden Rings
4 Calling Birds ∗ 3 French Hens ∗ 2 Turtle Doves ∗ and a Partridge in a Pear Tree



WHEN IT'S MUCH EASIER TO GIVE A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD

. . . and we'll send a cheery Christmas Gift Announcement telling whom to blame!

use one or more coupons or duplicates

MAD
485 MADison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022

I enclose $5.00∗ Please send a 21 Issue GIFT SUBSCRIPTION to:

∗ In Canada, **$5.00 in U.S. Funds,** payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Outside the U.S.A. and Canada, **$6.25,** payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Please allow **8 weeks** for your subscription to be processed. We cannot be **responsible** for any cash lost or stolen in the mails, so . . .
CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ *ZIP-CODE* _____
An Absolute Must!

AND SEND A CHEERY CHRISTMAS GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT BLAMING

_____

use one or more coupons or duplicates

MAD
485 MADison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022

I enclose $5.00∗ Please send a 21 Issue GIFT SUBSCRIPTION to:

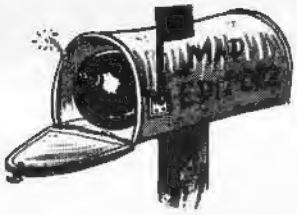
∗ In Canada, **$5.00 in U.S. Funds,** payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Outside the U.S.A. and Canada, **$6.25,** payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Please allow **8 weeks** for your subscription to be processed. We cannot be **responsible** for any cash lost or stolen in the mails, so . . .
CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ *ZIP-CODE* _____
An Absolute Must!

AND SEND A CHEERY CHRISTMAS GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT BLAMING

_____

LETTERS DEPT.



LEATHERNECK-TIE

MAD is a way of life for me, because it is the one thing I can cling to as a pleasant remembrance of the United States. I will not be back home for at least thirteen months, so you are my America while I am away. My thanks for this from the bottom of my heart.

L/Cpl. T. H. Dukes, USMC
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

JOHNSON HOWARD'S

I was shocked at your "MAD Visits a Typical Johnson Howard's Restaurant" in the October issue (#106). As a chef at a typical Howard Johnson Restaurant, I feel that you have not presented conditions as they really are. They're worse! !

S. P. (Full name withheld)
Brooklyn, N. Y.

It's all too true about the service at a "Johnson Howard's Restaurant"! As I entered one recently, I noticed a sign that said "Breakfast Served from 7:30 to 11:30"... and I found that they meant that literally!

Edwin B. Jenkins
Raleigh, N. C.

I have traveled across our country and eaten in many Howard Johnson Restaurants. The food is good and so is the service. I usually like MAD, but I did not like this rotten satire.

Robert Solotar
San Mateo, Calif.

Your visit to a "Johnson Howard's Restaurant" was great, but you overlooked a very important point, namely that a family of three can spend ten dollars for lunch and still come away hungry.

Mildred E. Meehan
A Veteran Of The
Pennsylvania Turnpike

MAD TRADEMARKS

Your "MAD Look At Trademarks" was the greatest. Those "altered" trademarks took at least as much imagination and talent as the original designs.

Mark A. Senker
Baltimore, Maryland

AN ALL-TIME GREAT

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone responsible for putting out such a wonderful magazine. Each article is wonderfully written and illustrated, and always has a refreshing satirical point of view. To me, MAD is one of the all-time greats in the publishing field.

Mona Shafer
Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE BUNCH

The highlight of your October issue (#106) was most definitely "The Bunch." You have undoubtedly created the greatest satire (and butchery) yet. The slaughter that the movie suffered was only exceeded by the injustice which the movie dealt the novel it portrayed. I extend my most gracious appreciation to Arnie Kogen and Mort Drucker.

Terry Viets
Hampton, Virginia

Boy, did you goof on this one! I didn't get one laugh out of it! "The Bunch" was a bunch of garbage!

Howie Shattner
New York City

As a teacher, avid MAD reader, and avid movie-goer, I found your satirical look at "The Bunch" to be a perfectly horrendous blend of my main interests. I loved every minute of it! It was a punch that I'm sure Mary McCarthy will be reeling from for months to come. My condolences to everyone connected with the movie. "Who'd a thunk it could be done!"

Peter N. Fisher
Long Beach, New York

If I wanted to read the kind of trash and slop I found in "The Bunch" I could have bought a copy of True Story Magazine and probably enjoyed it more.

Becky Winkler
St. Louis, Missouri

Congratulations on your latest satire knocking the worst, fourth-rate, tasteless movie I've ever wasted my money on!

Vicki Boles
Baltimore, Maryland

Wow! I thought you guys were slipping, but after reading "The Bunch," I'm sure of it!

Scot Collins
Downers Grove, Illinois

I wish to protest the slurs on Vassar's curriculum and the assertion that the courses provided no training to be a woman or wife. I look back in gratitude to the unmatched grounding I received in such courses as "Limnology and Invertebrate Ecology," "Stellar Astrophysics," "Solar Spectroscopy" and "Techniques in Experimental Tissue Culture." And as for "Invertebrate Paleontology" . . . SHAZAMMMMMmmmmmm!!!

Jean M. B. Squires
Vassar 1950

ZEALOUS NEW ZEALANDER

I am convinced that, among your staff, some of the sanest men in America are taking refuge. Your satires cut so deep that some of them aren't even funny after a while. In fact, lately I've given up reading Alexander Pope and have substituted MAD.

Derek R. Gordon
Wellington, New Zealand

GESTAPO TACTICS?

Through our informants, we have learned of your plans to do a "take-off" on our TV show. May I suggest that you forget this foolish idea. I should like to remind you . . . We know you have relatives in Chicago! Keep that in mind! !

Col. Hogan
"Hogan's Heroes"
Hollywood, Calif.

GROWTH RECORD

At 19, I am entering my tenth year as a MAD reader. In that interval, I have watched, often amazed, always amused, the gradual transition of MAD from a rather crude, boorish comic book into the polished satiric masterpiece it is today. It seems that MAD grew up as I did, and complimented my maturing tastes. It helped me shape my attitudes and opinions, and taught me never to regard them as the only possible ones. It made me see the world in a new and different light, pointing out and exposing the absurd and ridiculous which surrounds us, and which we often take too seriously. To you, I say, thanks.

Francis J. Mills
Coplay, Pennsylvania

HIS MAINLY OBJECTION

One thing about MAD irks me, mainly your constant use of the word "mainly"!

Albert M. Sekela, Jr.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

MAD OBITUARIES

Your "Obituaries For Comic Strip Characters" were so morbidly hilarious that we all died . . . laughing!

Alan Buck & Bill Ziegler
Hatboro, Pennsylvania

OUR BITE IS WORSE THAN OUR BARK

With so many American magazines acting like governmental and business lap-dogs, it is a refreshing change to read a publication that is not afraid to take a nip at the master's leg. I think MAD's audacity and fine satire makes it one of the "necessary" magazines around.

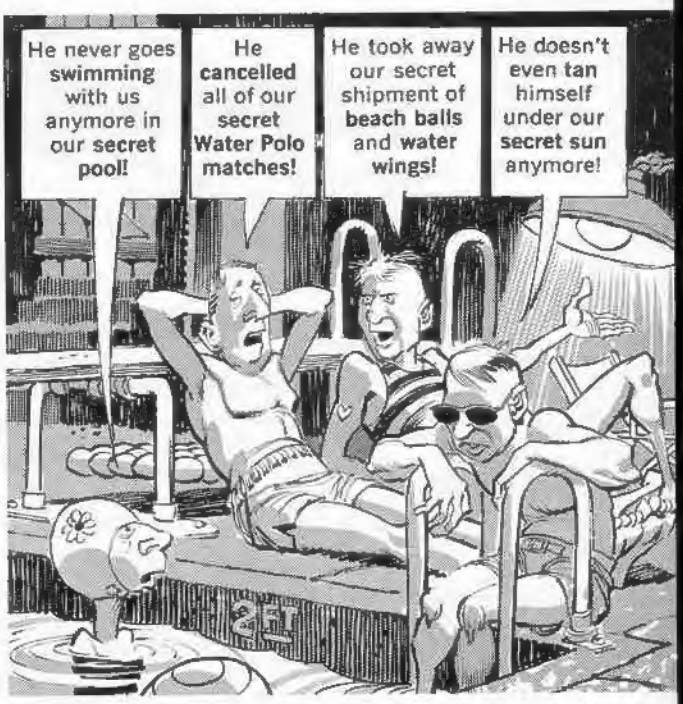
Clifton Jones
Greensburg, Kentucky

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 108, 485 MADison Avenue
New York City, New York 10022

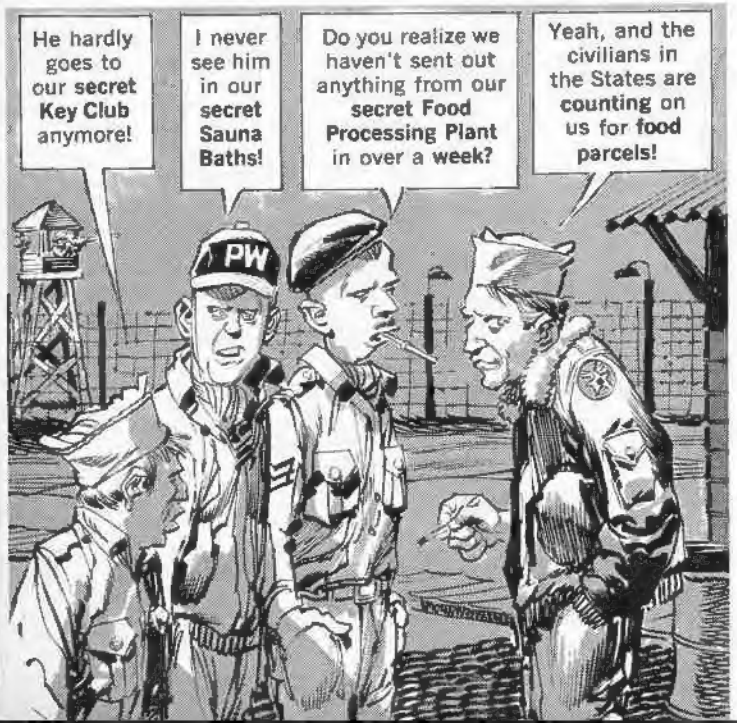
MEIN "KAMP" HUMOR DEPT.

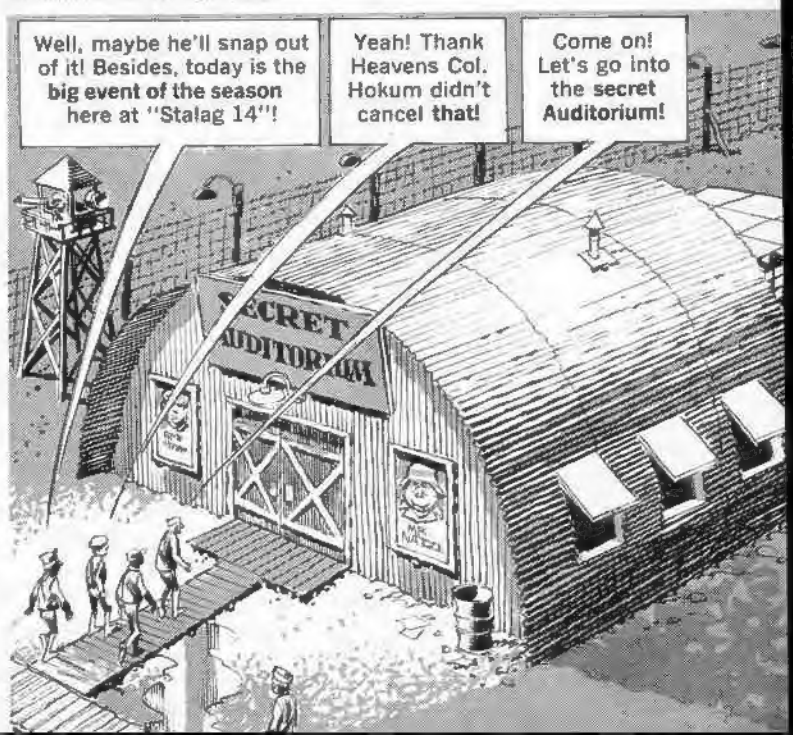
HEY, GANG . . . JOIN US NOW AS MAD PRESENTS ITS VERSION OF THE FUNNIEST SHOW ON TELEVISION SINCE THE "APPALACHIAN POVERTY SPECIAL." WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE WEEKLY TV SITUATION COMEDY FEATURING THAT GAY, WILD, ZANY, IRREPRESSIBLE BUNCH OF WORLD WAR II PW'S . . . THOSE HAPPY INMATES OF "STALAG 14" KNOWN AS

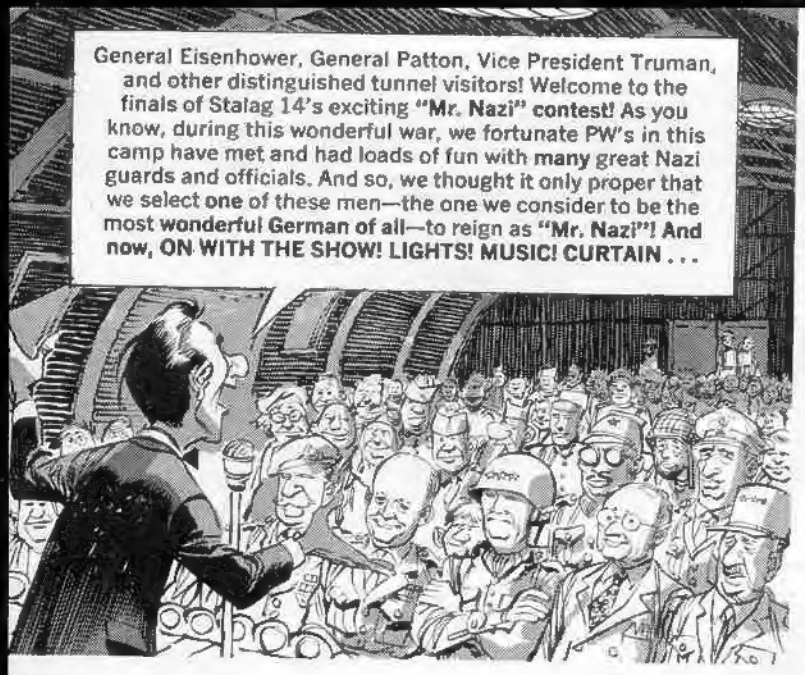
HOKUM'S HEROES



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

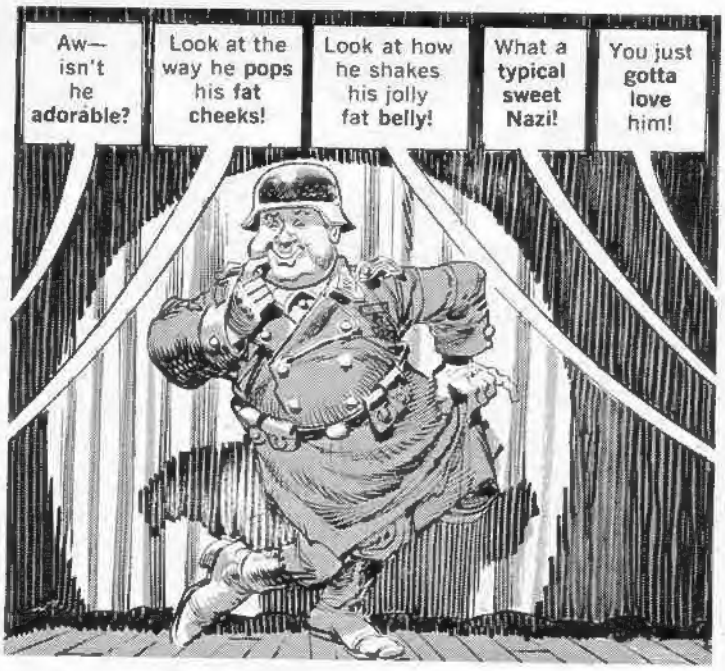


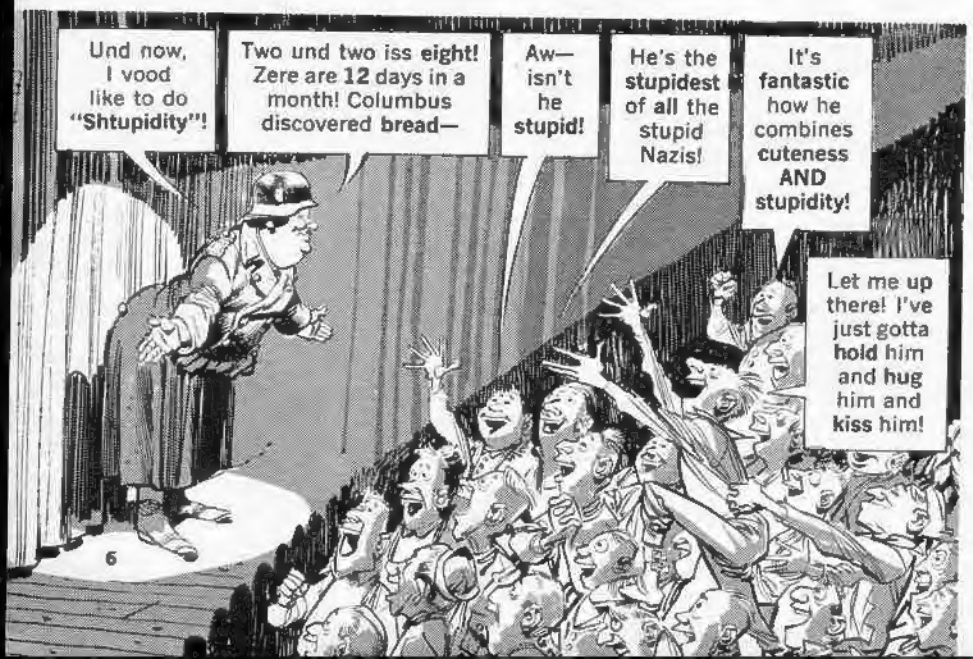



General Eisenhower, General Patton, Vice President Truman, and other distinguished tunnel visitors! Welcome to the finals of Stalag 14's exciting "Mr. Nazi" contest! As you know, during this wonderful war, we fortunate PW's in this camp have met and had loads of fun with many great Nazi guards and officials. And so, we thought it only proper that we select one of these men—the one we consider to be the most wonderful German of all—to reign as "Mr. Nazi"! And now, ON WITH THE SHOW! LIGHTS! MUSIC! CURTAIN . . .

The-e-e-ere they are . . .
"Mis-s-s-ster Nazi" men . . .

Our first finalist is one of your favorites and mine . . . that wonderful camp guard, Sergeant Schlitz, who plays such an important part in our daily fun here at "Stlag 14"!
Sgt. Schlitz, what are you going to show us in the way of talent . . . ?
Vell . . . furst, I vood like to do "Cuteness"!


Aw— isn't he adorable?
Look at the way he pops his fat cheeks!
Look at how he shakes his jolly fat belly!
What a typical sweet Nazi!
You just gotta love him!


Und now, I vood like to do "Shtupidity"!
Two und two iss eight! Zere are 12 days in a month! Columbus discovered bread—
Aw— isn't he stupid!
He's the stupidest of all the stupid Nazis!
It's fantastic how he combines cuteness AND stupidity!
Let me up there! I've just gotta hold him and hug him and kiss him!

And now . . . our next contestant for the title of "Mr. Nazi"! Here he is, that wonderful German official who has visited our "fun" camp from time to time . . . whose warm smile and impish ways have won our hearts . . . I'm talking about that kookie Kraut with the magical, dancing feet . . .

All right, everybody, the "Mr. Nazi" show is **cancelled!** All contestants—**out of the auditorium!** All guests—**back to Paris!** And all you PW's—**to your barracks, on the double!**

What **IS** it with Col. Hokum? He seems so unhappy with **everything** these days!

Boy, something **must** really be wrong! I hear he's asked to see **Col. Klunk,** the Camp Commandant!

Hello, Olga. I have an appointment with Col. Klunk . . .

Vot nerve! I am ze **secretary** of ze **Nazi Commandant,** and you are a **Prisoner of Var!** Vot is ze idea of kissing me on ze **forehead?**

I'm **sorry,** Olga!

You **know** you're supposed to kiss me on ze mouth! **All** ze PW's do! Vot's bugging you, **anyway?**

Ah, Col. Hokum! Come in . . .

Go ahead! Steal mein cigars ze vay you **always** do! **Go ahead!** I von't look!

I don't **want** to steal your cigars, Klunk!

Vell, zen—**tickle me!** Giff me a **hot foot!** Do **somet'ink!** Vot's **wrong** vit you lately? You're disrupting ze morale of ze **whole camp!**

You wanna know **what's wrong,** Klunk? I'll **tell** you what's wrong! **I'm scared!** Because I **know** what TV Networks are **like!** This show is so **successful** that there's bound to be **imitations!** Soon, there'll be **other** funny shows about Allied soldiers in Prisoner of War Camps . . . **dozens of them!** And people will get **sick** of our show! You **know** how TV trends go!

Oh, so **zat** iss vot's bugging you!

Right! And that's why I'm **getting out . . . while the getting is good!**

But you **can't** give up Nazi humor! Ze American public **loves** Nazi humor! Look at our **ratings!** Ze vunderful t'ing about our show is zat you didn't have to be in Germany during World War II to laugh at it! As a matter of fact, it helps a lot if you **veren't** there!

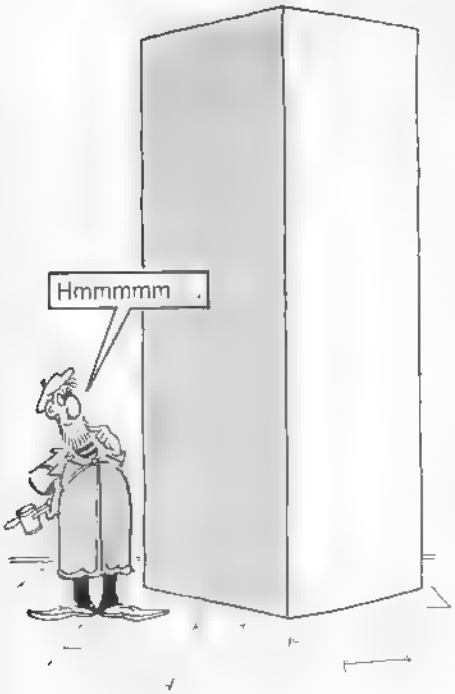
Look, I **agree** with you! I love Nazi humor as much as **anybody!** I wouldn't **star** in this show in the **first place** if I didn't love it! I just think this **Prisoner of War Camp bit** has **had it!** So I'm taking my men and we're **getting out!** We're going into **another show!** A much **funnier show!**

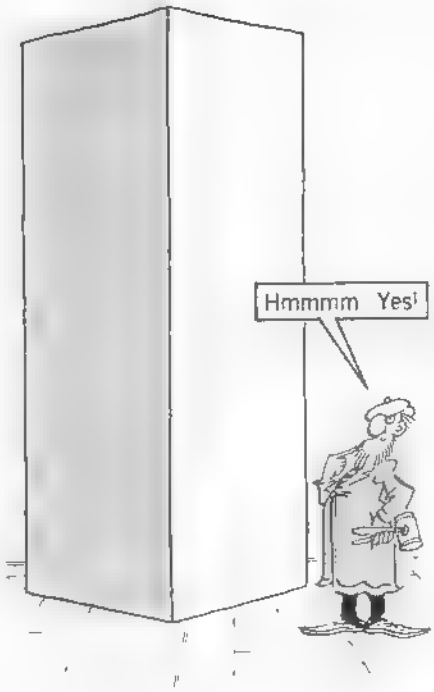
Vait! **Vait!** I don't vant to die on TV **either! Take me vit you! I VANT TO BE IN YOUR NEW SHOW, TOO!**

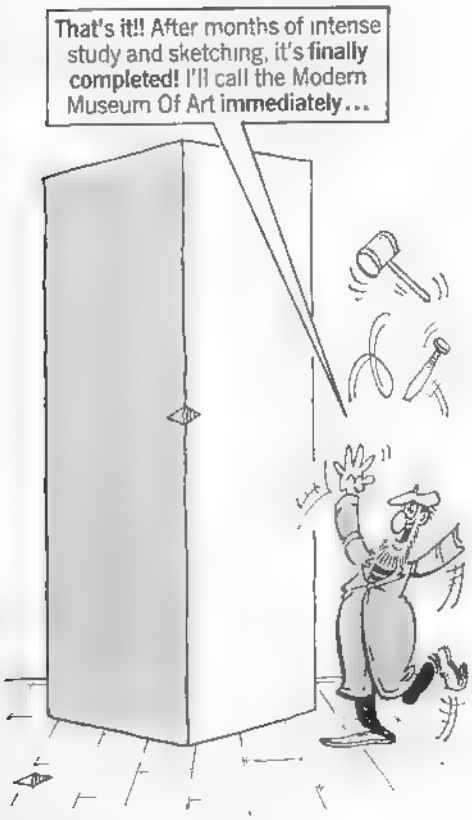
AND HERE IT IS . . . THE BRAND NEW WEEKLY TV SITUATION COMEDY FEATURING THAT GAY, WILD, ZANY, IRREPRESSIBLE BUNCH OF WORLD WAR II CONCENTRATION CAMP PRISONERS . . . THOSE HAPPY INMATES OF "BUCHENWALD" KNOWN AS . . .

Hochman's Heroes

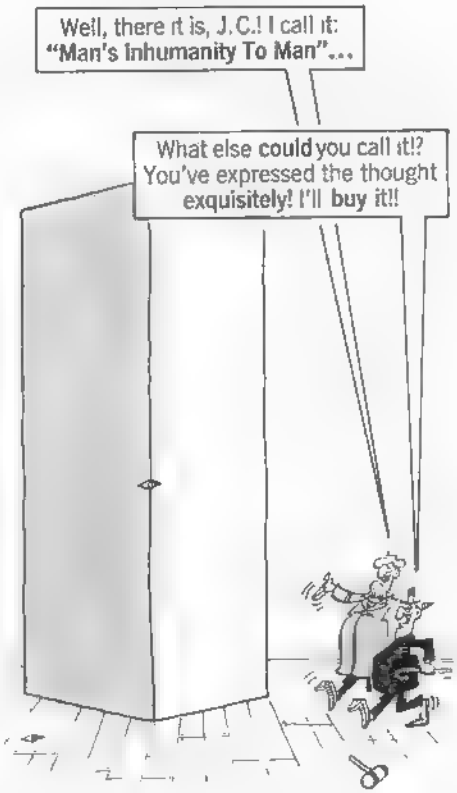
ANOTHER VISIT WITH A SCULPTOR







LATER...



SEASONED GREETINGS DEPT.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Peace On Earth

Mr. & Mrs. Robert McNamara

Hark! The Her-ald An-gels Sing...

HARLEY-DAVIDSON Co.

May You Be Filled With Christmas Spirit

SCHENLEY DISTILLERS Co.

WE'D LIKE TO SEE

God Rest
ye merry
gentlemen

forest lawn cemeteries

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY: MAX BRANDEL

PHOTOS BY [illegible]

City Sidewalks, busy sidewalks
Dressed in Holiday Style—
It's Christmas Time in the City...

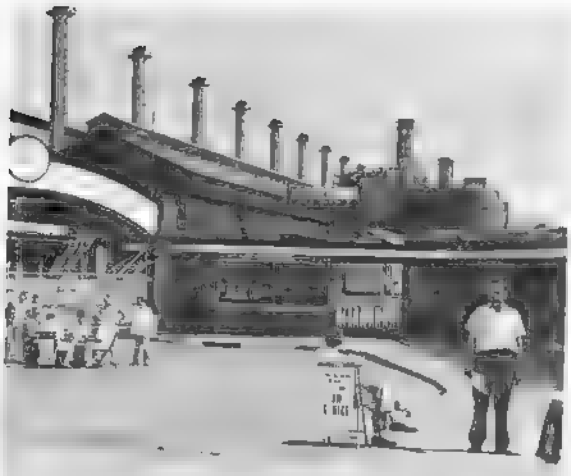
Mayor and Mrs. John V. Lindsay
Gracie Mansion, New York City

WISHING
YOU A
PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC

MAY ALL YOUR CHRISTMASES BE WHITE...

Robert Shelton Imperial Wizard K.K.K.

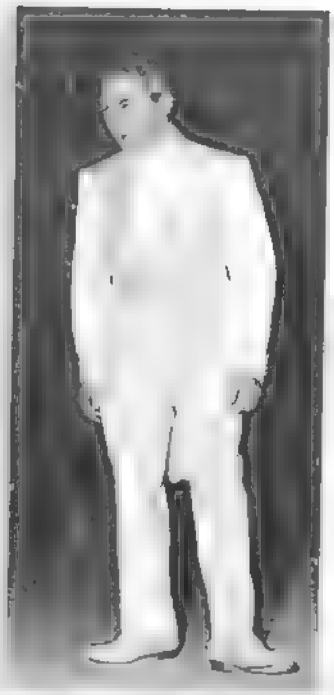


O LIT-TLE TOWN OF BETH-LE-HEM!
HOW STILL WE SEE THEE LIE...

UNITED STEEL WORKERS
OF AMERICA

Don We Now Our Gay Apparel!

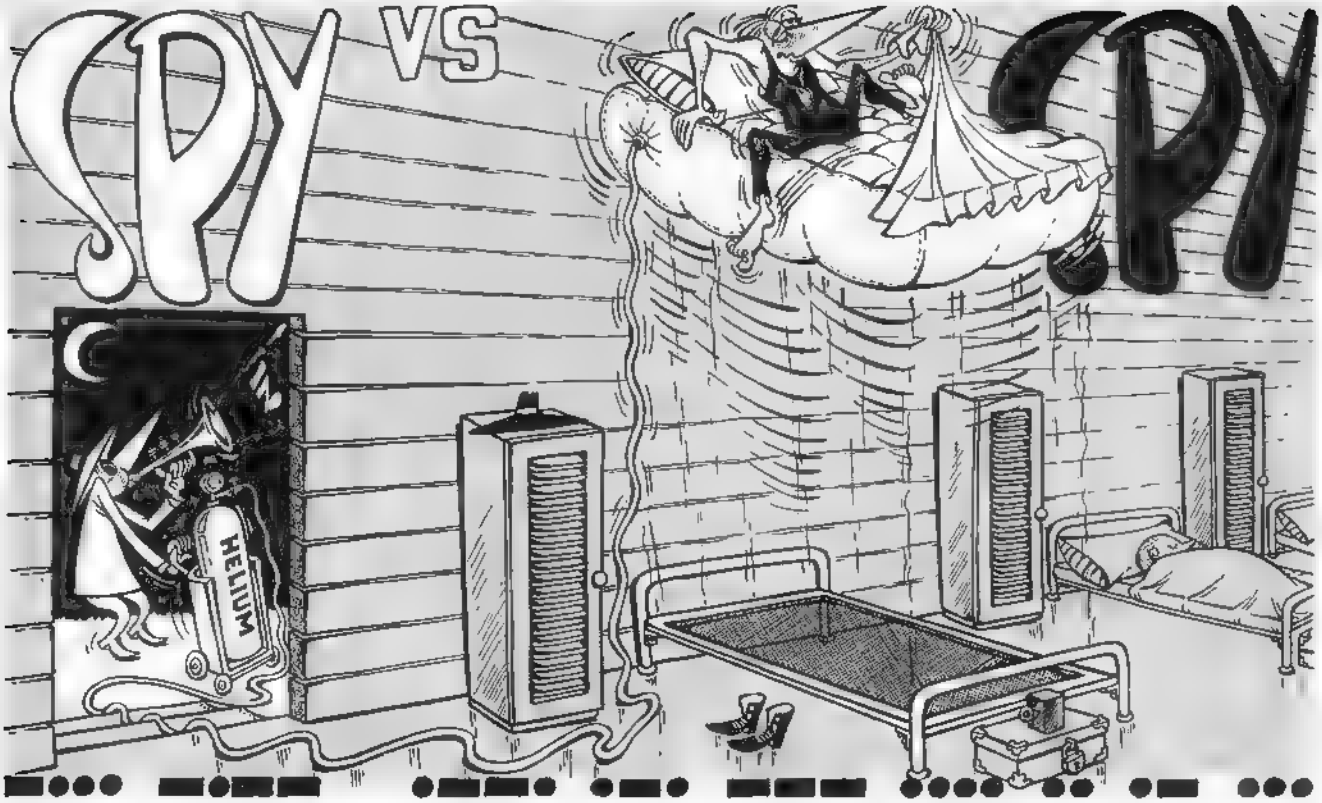
Wladzu Liberace

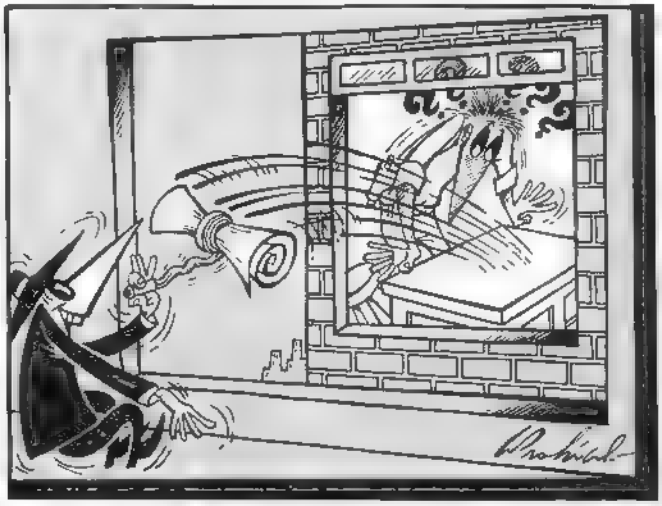


Joy TO THE WORLD...

THE EDITORS OF
MAD

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I





PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS! DEPT.

Christmas Shopping Time, Christmas Gift-Giving Time and Christmas Vacation Time are almost upon us . . . which means we're in for it! Namely, we're in for

MORE SNAPPY ANSWERS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

AT A CHRISTMAS OFFICE PARTY...

WHILE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING...

another heaping helping of those sickening "Old Clichés," And so, once again, MAD comes to the rescue of cliché-sufferers. Now you can fight back with . . .

TO THOSE OLD CLICHES

WRITER: STAN HART

AT A CHRISTMAS VACATION HOMECOMING...

AT A SOUTHERN RESORT...

WHILE OPENING CHRISTMAS GIFTS...

Son, we're going to spend a lot of time together!
It'll just seem like a lot of time!
I was so worried about your flying! I'm so glad you landed safely!
I'm not so sure I am!
I'll bet it feels good to be home!
What kind of odds do you want?
Your room is just the way you left it!
You mean you haven't cleaned it in six months!?
Gee, you're so pale, you look sick!
Roasting flesh always makes me nauseous!
Gee, I miss the kids!
What kids??
I'm not that kind of a girl!
You're sure advertising like that kind of a girl!
Everyone needs a change of scene now and then!
Yeah—like right now!
I'm not that kind of a girl!
It's not that kind of a present!
I feel terrible!! I didn't get anything for you this year!
YOU feel terrible!?
Wear it in good health!
I'm sick already!
You'll never guess where I found it!
Woolworth's??!

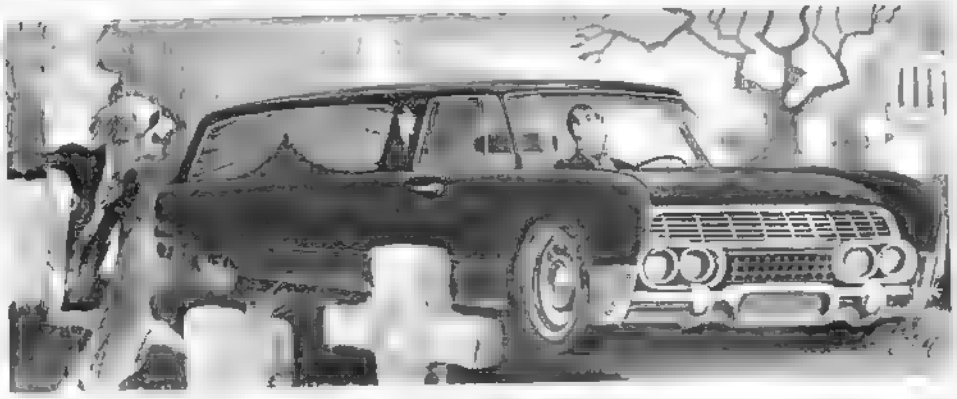
STATUS QUOTES DEPT.

In the old days, the auto industry spent a huge fortune in advertising—stressing the "status" angle—to con us into buying a new car each year. And they succeeded, too! A 1964 model looked like a piece of junk when the 1965 model came out. But now all that is changed. Today's new car ads stress "safety"! But the auto industry makes vehicles other than passenger cars. They may be missing a good bet by not stressing the "status" angle in an attempt to sell more of these. F'rinstance, take a look at the way they might go about accomplishing it in . . .

BURYING A FRIEND OR RELATIVE?

THEN THESE 2 QUESTIONS SHOULD BE UPPERMOST IN YOUR MIND: (1) IS THE PERSON DEAD? AND (2) IN THIS MOMENT OF GRIEF, AM I GOING TO LET MY LOVED ONE GO TO HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE IN LAST YEAR'S HEARSE? NO, SIR! YOU'RE GOING TO DEMAND THE NEW—

1967 CADAVERLAC "BLACK BEAUTY" HEARSE



"I wouldn't be caught dead riding in anything but a new 1967 'Black Beauty'!" writes Harry Hinch of Brooklyn, N. Y. And you, too, will want to include the same request in *your* will. Why die of embarrassment when you can go in style?

THE 1967 CADAVERLAC "BLACK BEAUTY"

AVAILABLE NOW AT PETE'S FUNERAL PARLORS
"Let Pete put you in the finest Hearse!"

ADS FOR OTHER

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

IS YOUR PRECIOUS REFUSE STILL BEING PICKED UP BY OLD FASHIONED GARBAGE TRUCKS? ISN'T IT TIME YOU AND THE FOLKS IN YOUR TOWN HAD YOUR TRASH REMOVED IN STYLE? DON'T PAY ANOTHER PENNY IN TAXES UNTIL YOUR LOCAL SANITATION DEPARTMENT USES—

The 1967 Chevrolecch Town & Country WASTE-REMOVAL SPECIAL

Just imagine this luxurious vehicle turning into YOUR street, stopping in front of YOUR house, and picking up YOUR garbage? Here is magnificence never before achieved in a Garbage Truck! Have your City Council see it . . . Drive it . . . Smell it—TODAY!

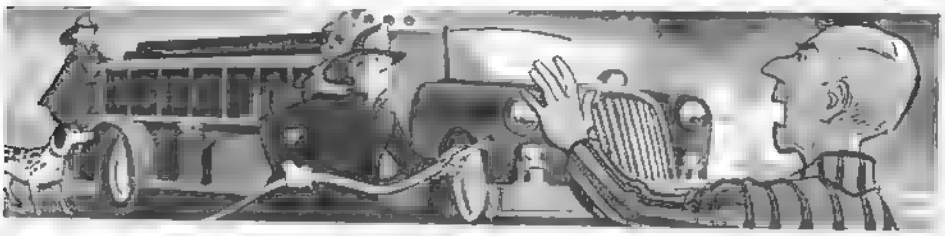
COMES IN YOUR CHOICE OF COLORS INCLUDING: LEMON-RIND YELLOW, BANANA-PEEL GOLD, GREASE-DRIP TAN, CRUST-OF-BREAD BROWN, CHICKEN-BONE WHITE & SOUR-MILK IVORY!

White-Walled Pick-Up Cans, Six-Way Perfume Dispenser, Automatic Can-Smasher and Power Steer-Bone Crusher Optional At Extra Cost.

A Product of General Mulchers Corp.

Body by Fishy

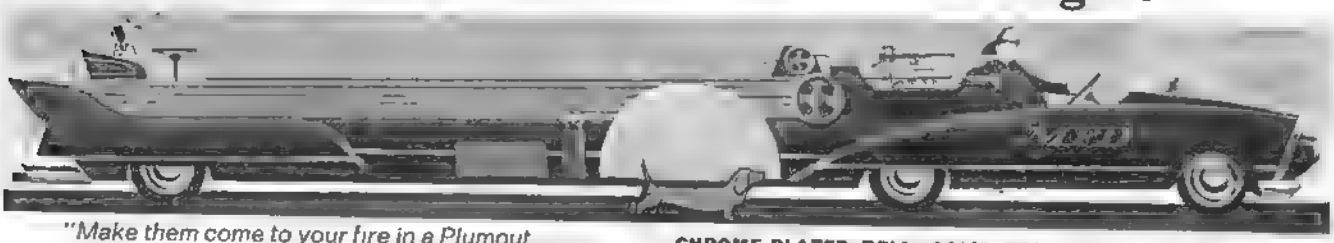
"IF THAT'S YOUR NEWEST PIECE OF EQUIPMENT, LET MY HOUSE BURN!"



Mr. Homeowner is right! He has a 1967 TV Set in his living room . . . a 1967 Refrigerator in his kitchen . . . and a 1967 Air Conditioner in his bedroom. Why should he let an old, beat-up, obsolete 1966 Fire Engine put out his modern 1967 fire?

SINCE YOUR TOWN'S FIRE EQUIPMENT COMES TO YOUR HOUSE AND STOPS ON YOUR PROPERTY TO PUT OUT YOUR FIRE, YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO DEMAND THE NEWEST, THE FINEST, THE MOST EFFICIENT FIRE-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT AVAILABLE TODAY!

The 1967 Plumout "Inferno-X" Fire Engine



"Make them come to your fire in a Plumout Inferno-X—or go to blazes on their own!"

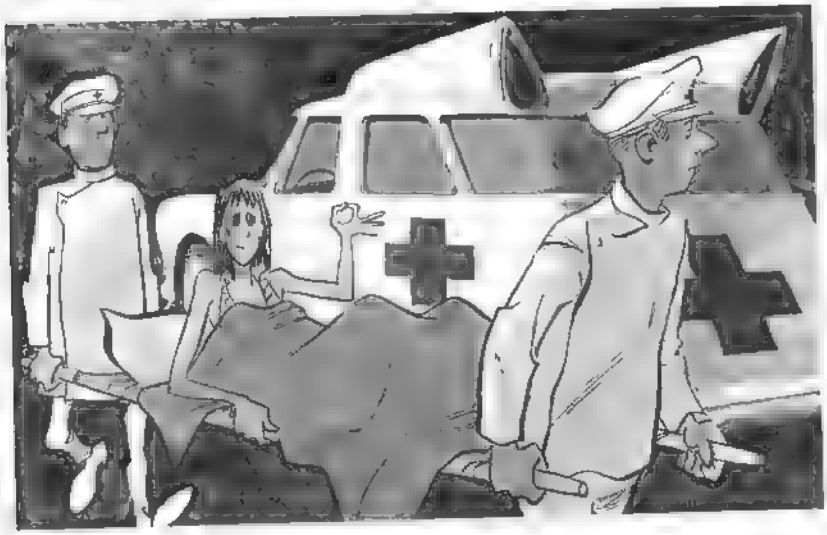
CHROME-PLATED BELL, SOLID TEAKWOOD LADDERS, TWO-TONE HOSES, WARBLING SIREN AND STUFFED DALMATION WITH NODDING HEAD OPTIONAL AT SLIGHT EXTRA COST.

1967 VEHICLES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

PAIN IS PAIN . . . AND PRIDE IS PRIDE: SHE'D RATHER DIE FIRST THAN BE RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL IN ANYTHNG BUT A BRAND-NEW

1967 "SILVER FLASH" ILLSMOBILE AMBULANCE



Yes, this seriously ill lady has a point. Nothing attracts as much attention as a screaming, speeding ambulance. Is it any wonder that thousands of sick people like her are refusing to ride to hospitals in anything but the latest 1967 "Silver Flash" Illsmobile Ambulance? Remember, if you're good enough to get hurt, you're good enough to ride in a "Silver Flash"! Demand that your Local Hospital Board order one today! Tell them that you're just dying to ride in it!

Just look at all these de-luxe features:

- WRAP-AROUND PICTURE WINDOWS MAKE YOU —THE PATIENT—THE CENTER OF ATTENTION!
- COMPLETE AM/FM/TV STEREO COMBINATION SOOTHES YOUR PAIN AWAY DURING TRIP IN!
- BUILT-IN SUN LAMP RESTORES COLOR AFTER YOU TURN PALE WAITING TO BE PICKED UP!
- YEAR-ROUND AIR CONDITIONING KEEPS THE INTERIOR TEMPERATURE AT EXACTLY 98.6°!

FREE WALLET CARD.

CUT OUT AND CARRY WITH YOU AT ALL TIMES

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

Since I am a complete snob, please notify the hospital that will send for me to pick me up in nothing but a 1967 "Silver Flash" Ambulance. Then, if there is still time, notify a doctor!

MY NAME IS: _____

MY NEXT OF KIN'S NAME IS: _____

MY NEXT OF KIN'S PHONE NUMBER IS: _____

HAH-MONICKER DEPT.

A PORTFOLIO OF MAD

J. EDGAR HOOVER

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

MARIA CALLAS

SEGOVIA

PAUL HORNUNG

NAMELIES

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY · MAX BRANDEL

MOSES

dior

SOPHIA LOREN

UFAX

DALI

Mc NAMAR

NEWT N

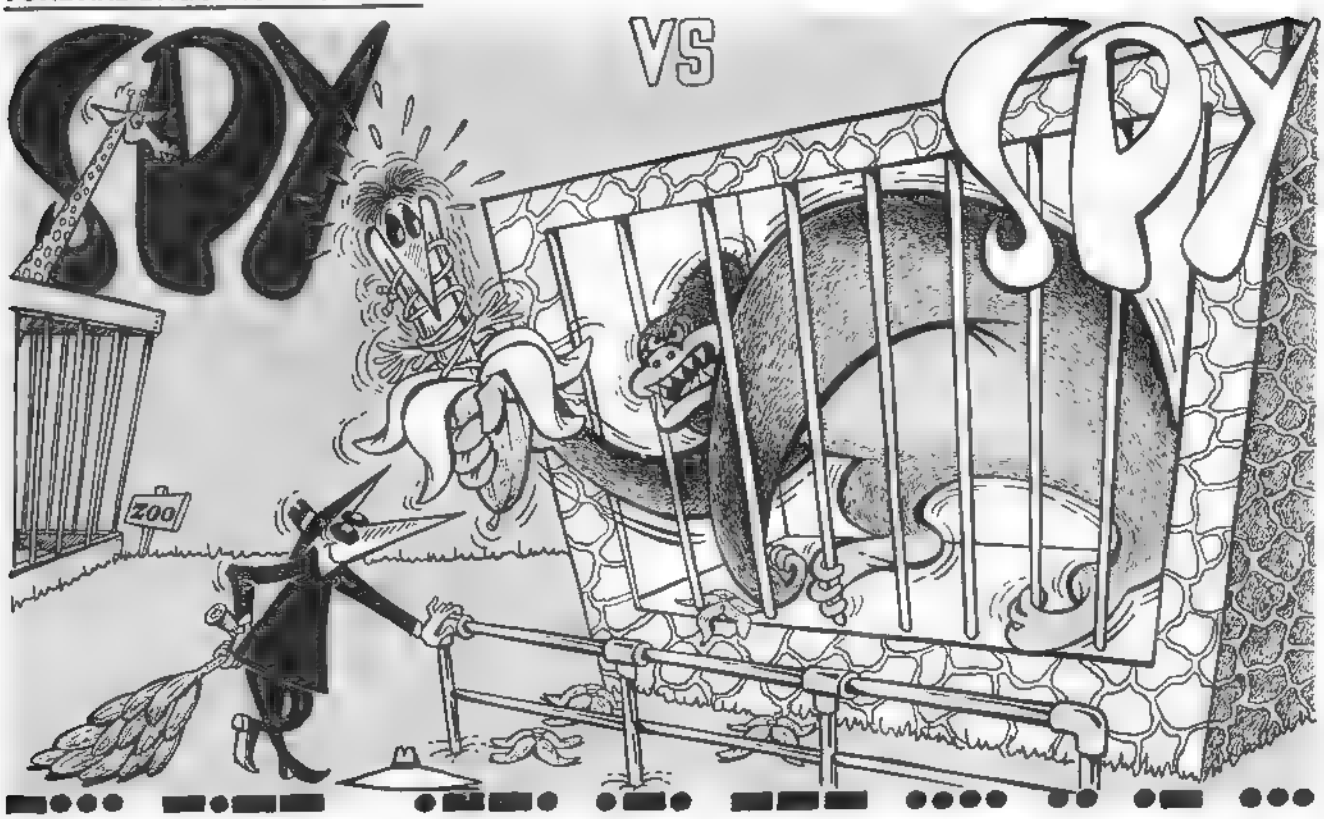
PICASSO

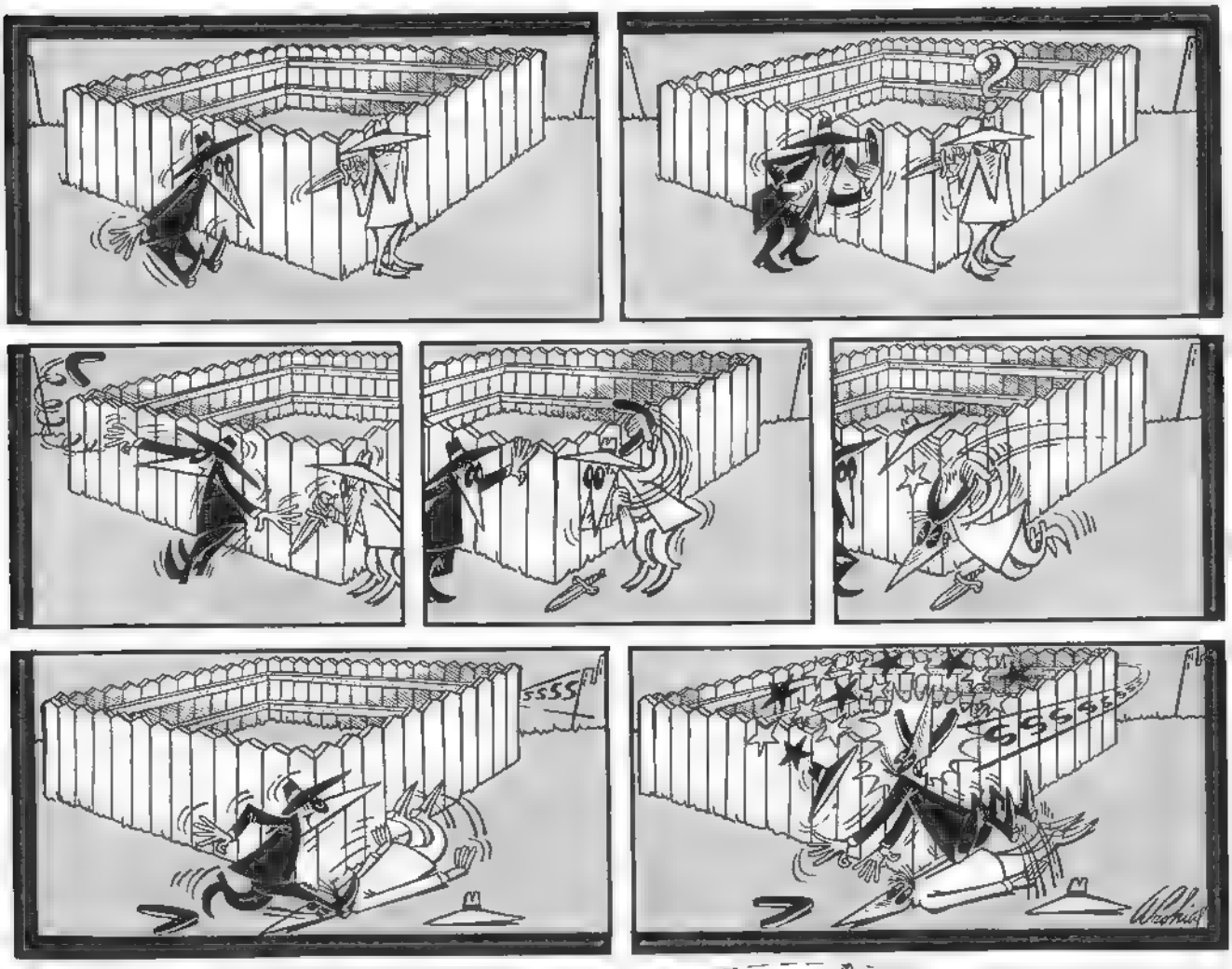
WILT CHAMBERLAIN

CHET & DAVID

Louis ARMSTRONG

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II





SUMMA CUM LOUDMOUTH DEPT.

WHAT IS A

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

BETWEEN the time you enter college and the time you graduate, you're guaranteed to come across a creature known as a "B.—M.—O.—C.". A "Big Man On Campus" is really not so different from ordinary people on campus –except that gorgeous blondes research his term papers, fraternity brothers write his book reports, drum majorettes hold his place in cafeteria lines, and Homecoming Queens wash his socks. While all this is taking place, the B.M.O.C. is keeping busy enhancing his prestige, solidifying his position, and becoming absolutely insufferable.

BIG MEN ON CAMPUS are natural-born leaders. They lead co-eds to dark country roads, faculty members to distraction, Student Councils to anarchy, credit jewelers to repossession, and roommates to transfer to the University of Hawaii.

A B.M.O.C. stands out from the crowd. He's the one who asks the questions in class and then interrupts the Prof to answer them himself. He's the one who appears in yearbook pictures with groups he doesn't even belong to. He's the one in R.O.T.C. who carries a riding crop. He's the one who sends press releases to the school paper about his social life. And he's the one member of the class of '62 who still hasn't graduated.

B.M.O.C.'s ARE VERY seldom concert violinists, Fulbright Fellows, Animal Husbandry Majors, or exchange students from Pakistan. More often, they are former All-Yonkers quarterbacks, devoted admirers of Billy Sol Estes, the offsprings of pushy mothers and needling fathers, or the products of broken homes—which probably got broken because they were in them to begin with.

DOWN DEEP inside, a B.M.O.C. is many people. He is his older brother's I.D. card, his roommate's best clothes, his girl friend's convertible, his best friend's charge-a-plate, his debating coach's diction, and his football coach's vocabulary.

HE IS Cold Calculation with a warm handshake, Sincerity passing out rhinestone frat pins, Tone Deafness with a guitar, Scholastic Achievement with a crib sheet, and Thoughtfulness that mails his dirty laundry home—gift-wrapped for Mother's Day.

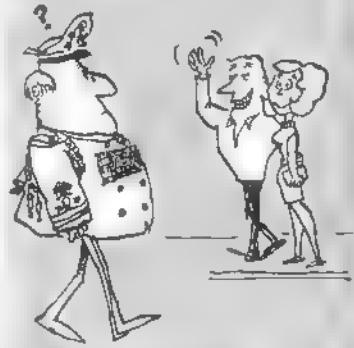
B.M.O.C.?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

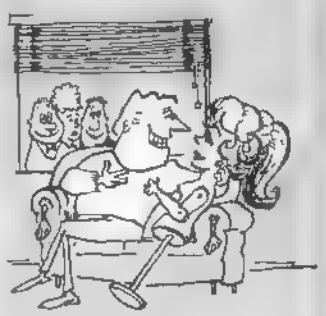
A B.M.O.C. HAS ALL the qualities that make men rich and famous: The quiet charm of Jack Paar, the boyish innocence of Bobby Baker, the humility of Cassius Clay, the tact of Jimmy Hoffa, the emotional stability of Fidel Castro, the simple tastes of Jackie Gleason, the patience of Leo Durocher, and the morals of Hugh Hefner.

ABOVE ALL, the B.M.O.C. possesses the gift of Ingenuity. Who else gets stuck for the week-end with a cousin from Peoria and passes her off as a debutante from Vassar? Who else hocks his roommate's watch and then raffles off the pawn ticket? Who else makes one girl jealous by being seen with a second in a sports car he borrowed from a third? Who else polls 3,000 votes in an election for Class President—at a school with 1,200 students?

A B.M.O.C. IS WELL LIKED because he knows how to do the right thing at the right time. He always: Flirts with sorority house mothers; quotes from the writings of faculty advisers; sings "We Shall Overcome" at coffee houses; whistles "The Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi" at Sigma Chi meetings; and hums "God Bless America" while trying desperately to flunk his pre-induction physical. He never: Agrees with the new restrictions posted by the Dean of Students; argues with the Captain of the Wrestling Team; falls asleep at pep rallies; risks marching in protest parades he's organized; or lets the other guys in his dorm catch him cuddling up to his teddy bear.

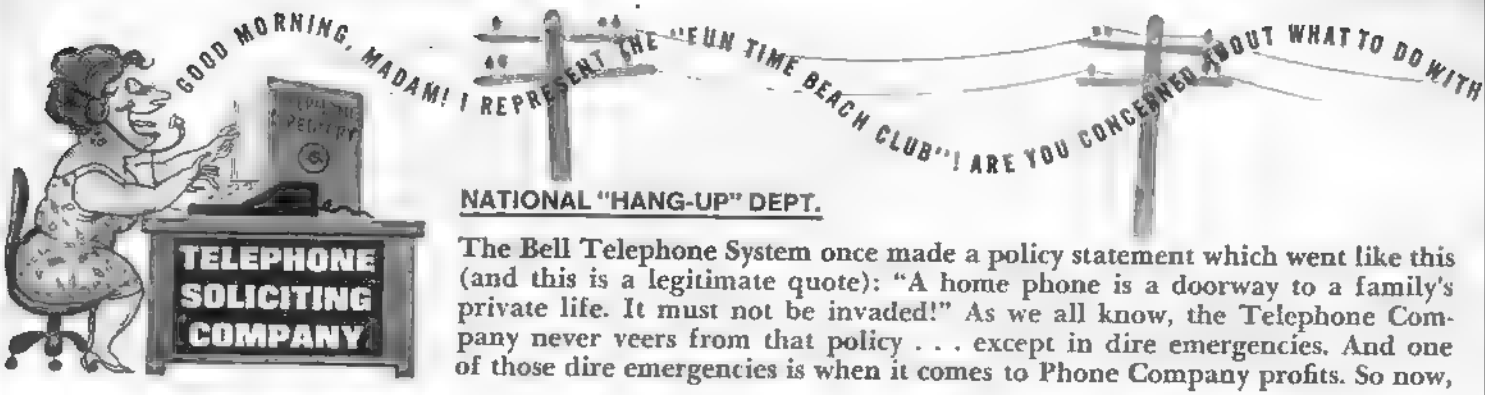


NO DOUBT ABOUT IT . . . it costs a fellow a fortune to be a B.M.O.C. His lunch money goes to the pawn shop so he can add to his display of second-hand trophies, his loose change goes to the phone company so he can make important-sounding calls to the lady who gives the correct time, and his weekly allowance goes to renting a car every Saturday night so he can pick up his date if he has one—or get out of town and hide if he doesn't.



BUT ALL THE GRIM, tedious drudgery that goes into the making of a B.M.O.C. is well worthwhile. Along the rocky road, he learns to influence and persuade; to plan and to see those plans blossom into reality; to sway the masses with his oratory; and to savor the triumph of having his viewpoint prevail. By Graduation Day, he is confidently prepared to step forth into the outside world . . .

TO WORK FOR HIS FATHER!



NATIONAL "HANG-UP" DEPT.

The Bell Telephone System once made a policy statement which went like this (and this is a legitimate quote): "A home phone is a doorway to a family's private life. It must not be invaded!" As we all know, the Telephone Company never veers from that policy . . . except in dire emergencies. And one of those dire emergencies is when it comes to Phone Company profits. So now,

TELEPHONE

THE ABUSES ...UNWANTED CALLS CAN BE CRUEL

UNWANTED CALLS CAN INTERFERE WITH MORE IMPORTANT CALLS

YOUR LEISURE TIME? WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A PLACE TO GO WHERE THERE IS PLENTY OF ACTIVITY MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT? LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT OUR WONDERFUL BEACH CLUB

Americans are all in a constant state of dire emergency, due to the fact that the Telephone Company not only ignores its policy, but even encourages others to do likewise, so long as they rent phones to do it. We're talking, of course, about that sleazy crowd of ex-door-to-door salesmen who've given up "walking" and taken up "talking" to become the latest plague known as . . .

SOLICITORS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

UNWANTED CALLS ALWAYS SEEM TO COME AT THE WORST TIMES

THE REACTIONS ...HOW SOME PEOPLE FIGHT BACK

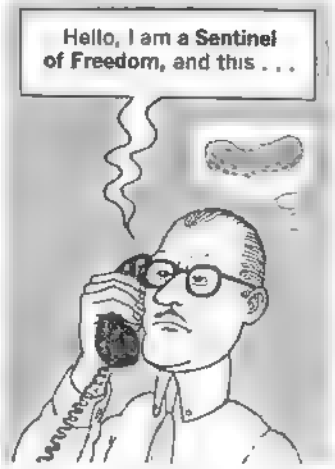
HOW PHONE COMPANY SCIENCE HELPS OVERCOME PUBLIC RESISTANCE TO TELEPHONE SOLICITORS

The people who slam phones, put babies on, fire guns etc., have only themselves to blame for what has followed. Naturally, Telephone Company scientific ingenuity wasn't going to take this kind of reaction lying down. Here are two remarkable weapons now in use in this war for people's ears:

THE AUTOMATIC DIALER until recently, popular and effective

Program card with phone list is fed into Automatic Dialer.

It dials each number, eliminating costly human operators.



Angered listener may want to slam receiver down violently

. . . but is frustrated, and solicitor has the last laugh.

THE NEW IMPROVED AUTOMATIC DIALER slam-proof and then some!

Phone card list is fed into Improved Automatic Dialer—

—which dials automatically.

Angered listener hangs up—

but it rings telephone again!

He hangs up again . . .

it rings again . . .

He hangs up . . .

It rings . . .

until message is completed.

THE CULPRITS AND THEIR PLOYS

In all fairness, before we go any further, we feel that it would be only right to include some of the "good" that Telephone Soliciting brings. The box at right was left for this purpose. Unfortunately, as of press-time for this issue, not a single person we interviewed could come up with anything nice to say about it. They did, however, come up with some pretty nasty, unprintable things to say about it.

SOME OF THE ROTTEN SNEAKY TRICKS THEY PULL

The prize is always a cheap trinket, and if you let the "representative" deliver it, you'll find that he is also delivering a powerful sales pitch for something or other.

This bum leads you to think he's from an "Official Govt. Outfit," scares hell out of you, and then installs $950 worth of "doubtful quality" Fire Alarms in your home.

If more folks fell for this ruse, there'd be 100 "Model Homes" on every block. The only thing anyone gets out of this "Home Improvement" scheme is a whopping bill.

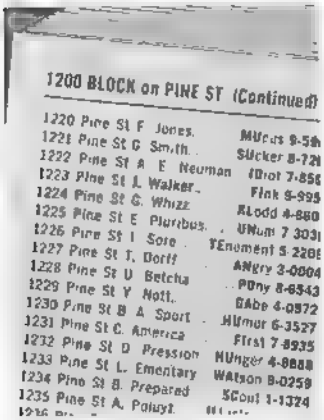
They really do, too! They send the kids of the people who work for this telephone sales outfit to camp. We'd like to send the solicitors to camp—Concentration Camp!

BUT THE BIGGEST CULPRIT OF ALL IS STILL

By consistently ignoring the public's violent objections, by always favoring businessmen over private citizens, and by hoodwinking Public Service Commissions through lobbies, Phone Companies have helped all these abuses to remain.

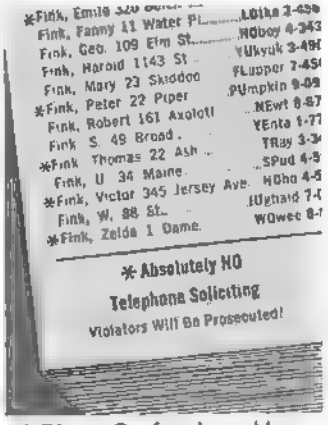
HOW PHONE COMPANIES PLAY FOOTSY WITH SOLICITORS AND SUBSCRIBERS

Supply Special Books



Phone Co's. print and sell special phone books listing their subscribers according to addresses . . . a boon to Solicitors who want to cover a specific neighborhood.

Kill Good Suggestions

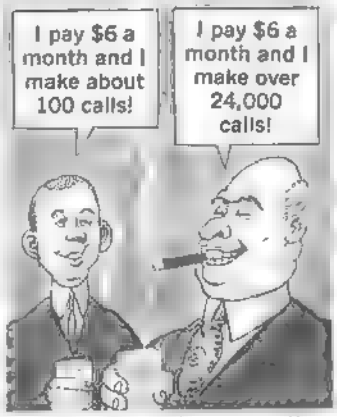


A Phone Co. fought and beat a suit by one of its fed-up subscribers to have asterisk placed next to his name to indicate he did not want to be bothered by Solicitors.

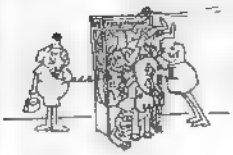
Charge Extra For Help

Telephone Solicitors can be thwarted by merely having your phone number removed from phone book. But Phone Co. charges extra for this, calling it Unlisted Number.

Give Solicitors $ Break



Private subscribers actually support Telephone Soliciting business by paying the same rate for "Unlimited Service" . . . and not making anywhere near as much use of service.



HOW CAN WE

THINGS WE CAN DO TO

The Wrong Address Ploy

When Telephone Solicitor gives you a number to call, do so, and act anxious to buy product they are selling. Then give phony name and address where they should deliver it

The Poison Gas Ploy

Invite Telephone Solicitor to your house, then eat garlic-onion-limburger cheese sandwich. Be sure to ask a zillion questions, always leaning in close and breathing heavily.

The "Hold The Phone" Ploy

COMPANY	TIME
FLIMSEE CONSTRUCTION CO.	7 MIN. 33 SEC.
SHIFTEE SALES CO.	5 MIN. 14 SEC.
LOUZEE FIRE ALARM CO.	8 MIN. 26 SEC.
CHEEPWARE POTS INC.	4 MIN. 6 SEC.
ROTTEEN FOOD FREEZER PLAN CO.	

When Solicitor calls, say "Hold on a second while I shut off the oven." Then put phone down and forget it till you hear the hang-up click. For extra fun, keep score to see which Telephone Soliciting Co. sets "Time-Wasting Record".

The Mysterious Woman Ploy

Find out name of owner of Phone Soliciting Co. Call their number, and using sexy voice, leave message for him like: "Miss Kitten Kuddly called. She will meet Mr. — at the Motel at the usual time." This will stir things up a bit.

THINGS WE CAN DO TO

The Switcheroo Ploy

Since Phone Co. Officials think so highly of Telephone Solicitors, we should help them get together more often. Next time Solicitor calls, order whatever they're selling sent, and give name and address of a Phone Co. Official.

The Keep 'Em Busy Ploy

Make list of Official Phone Co. Numbers (found in front section of phone book). Call one and say, "To get your free prize, call . . ." and give another number on your list. Repeat until everyone is involved in this Fun Game.

FIGHT BACK?

TELEPHONE SOLICITORS

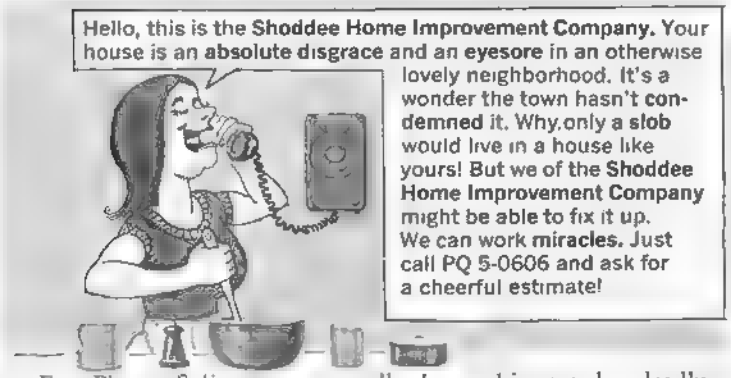
The Old "Any Message?" Ploy

When Solicitor calls, act interested and get phone number to call back. Dial it ten times and ask for "Herbie"! On eleventh time, say, "This is Herbie . . any calls for me?"

The Bad Publicity Ploy

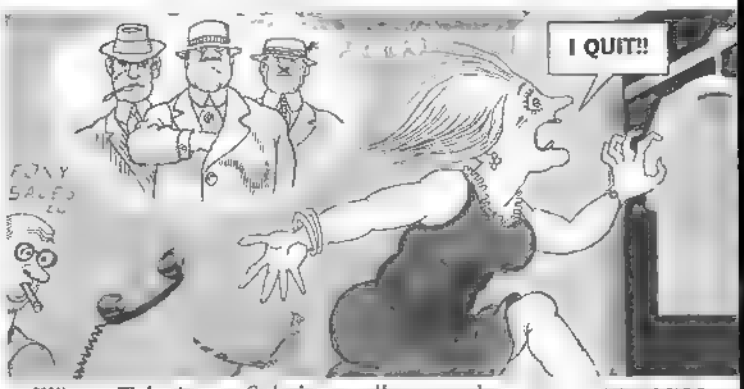
Make up stickers and paste them everywhere: in rest rooms, phone booths, bus terminals, etc. Any message will do as long as it gets people to call Solicitor and tie up lines.

The Nasty Image Ploy



For Phone Solicitors you really hate, this can be deadly. Make insulting phone calls to everyone in the local phone book, pretending that you're the aforementioned Solicitor. Just be sure you have a good lawyer in case you get caught.

The Cosa Nostra Ploy



When Telephone Solicitor calls, say this in a convincing Movie-Gangster voice: "De Boss don' like havin' a meetin' interrupted, an' he wants t' send a couple of his boys aroun' t' have a li'l chat wit' whoever is responsible!"

THE TELEPHONE COMPANY

The Emergency Repair Ploy

The Phone Company has radio-dispatched trucks ready for any emergency, so never hesitate to call for a repair, or let them know about something that needs their attention. Even if it turns out to be a mistake, they'll be grateful.

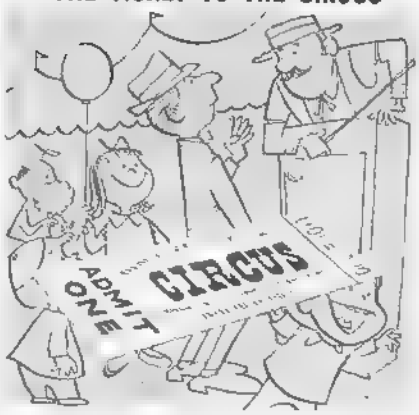
The Turnabout-Is-Fair-Ploy

Automatic Dialing equipment is available to subscribers as well as Solicitors. For those who care to spend the money (a group could chip in!), this is a great way to let Phone Co. Officials enjoy the fun Soliciting brings.

AN ADORABLE PUPPY

What person wouldn't just love to get this adorable "Ball of Wool?" No need to tell the Fink recipient that it's a St. Bernard puppy. He'll find out in due time. Have you any idea how much it costs to feed a St. Bernard?

ONE TICKET TO THE CIRCUS



This is a "must" gift for a Fink with a family of three or more kids. Merely buy one ticket to the circus for one of the kids. This means that the Fink must buy at least two more kid tickets and one adult ticket to keep the peace.

A FIVE-DOLLAR GIFT CERTIFICATE

This "$5 Gift Certificate Towards The Purchase of a Cadillac" will either force the fink to spend a fortune on a car he can't afford, or drive him nuts because he can't afford to use it. For $5.00, you get miles of satisfaction.

GIFT TILL IT HURTS DEPT.

How do you vent your hostilities and take your revenge? By hitting? By writing nasty anonymous letters? By defacing property? Yecch, are you crude! There's a much more subtle way of getting even with people you hate. Instead of outright punishment, you seemingly reward them. Mainly, you kill the Finks with kindness—by giving them gifts that will either cost them money, or cause them discomfort. To this end, we now present

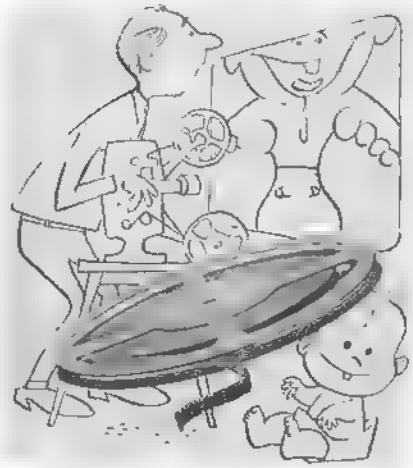
A MAD SHOPPING GIFTS FOR

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

A PRINCESS PHONE

The telephone company tells us that a Princess Phone is a perfect gift; and they're right—perfect for Fink Gift-Giving! While the "Initial Fee" costs you only $5, it costs the recipient a $5 "Installation Charge" and $1.85 "Rental Charge" per month thereafter.

A MOVIE OF THE FINK'S KIDS



This gift is recommended only for the Fink who has kids, but does not have a movie projector. Take pictures of his brats and send him the reel. This will cost Fink $75 and up for a projector.

SIX STEREO LP SYMPHONIES

This marvelous gift for a Music-Lover-Fink costs you only $1.98. Just don't mention that you have enrolled him in a Record Club. He is now forced to buy an additional six records per year at $5.98 each. And if he does not have a Stereo Player—well, that's a "Bonus".

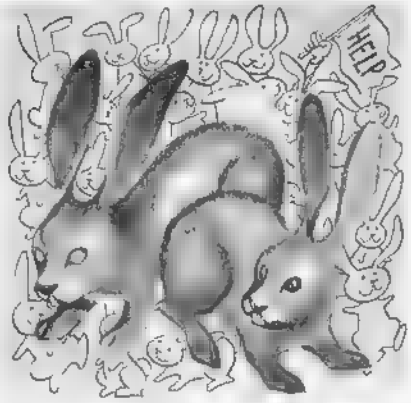
GUIDE TO FINKS

WRITER: STAN HART

$5.00 CHIP FROM SANDS HOTEL

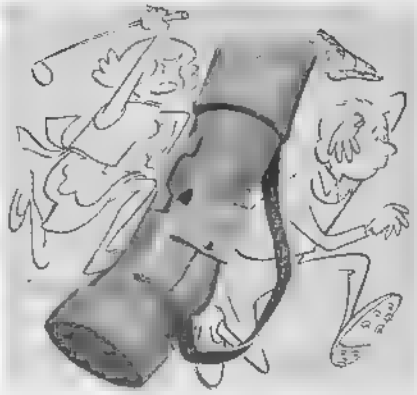
This "Vacation Special" is best used when Fink friend is discussing where he should spend his two weeks. A $5.00 chip will be motive enough to make the cheap crumb choose Las Vegas, where he will promptly lose a fortune gambling.

PETS FOR FINK'S KIDS



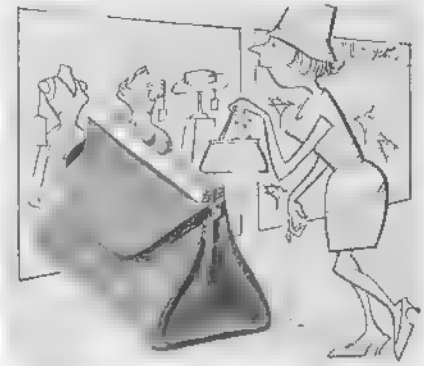
Give a male rabbit to the Fink's boy, and a female rabbit to the Fink's girl. In a very short time — voila! Bunnies as far as the eye can see! Then, just let your Fink friend try to get rid of any! Over his kids' dead bodies, maybe!

A MONOGRAMMED GOLF BAG



The perfect gift for the non-golfing Fink. The bag must be monogrammed so that it cannot be returned. Now Fink must fill it with $100 worth of golf clubs, and engage in endless fights with wife about playing on weekends.

FUCHSIA-COLORED SUEDE HANDBAG



A wonderful gift for that lady-friend-Fink! What woman has shoes, hat, coat or dress to go with a fuchsia-colored suede handbag—or could resist rushing right out to buy them, for that matter?

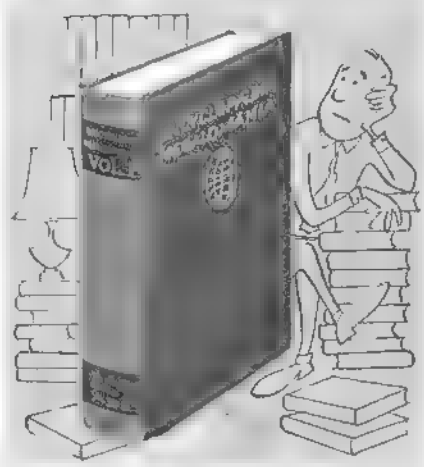
UNPAINTED FURNITURE

Items must be bought on "Final Sale—No Return" basis. When Fink realizes he's stuck with it, he'll have to buy paint or stain and varnish, and spend endless hours doing and re-doing job.

A BARBIE DOLL

This gift really needs no explanation. For only a couple of bucks, you make the Fink's kid happy while burdening the Fink with endless costs — like for Barbie's summer and winter wardrobes, her house and car, and her hundreds of friends who also need wardrobes, etc.

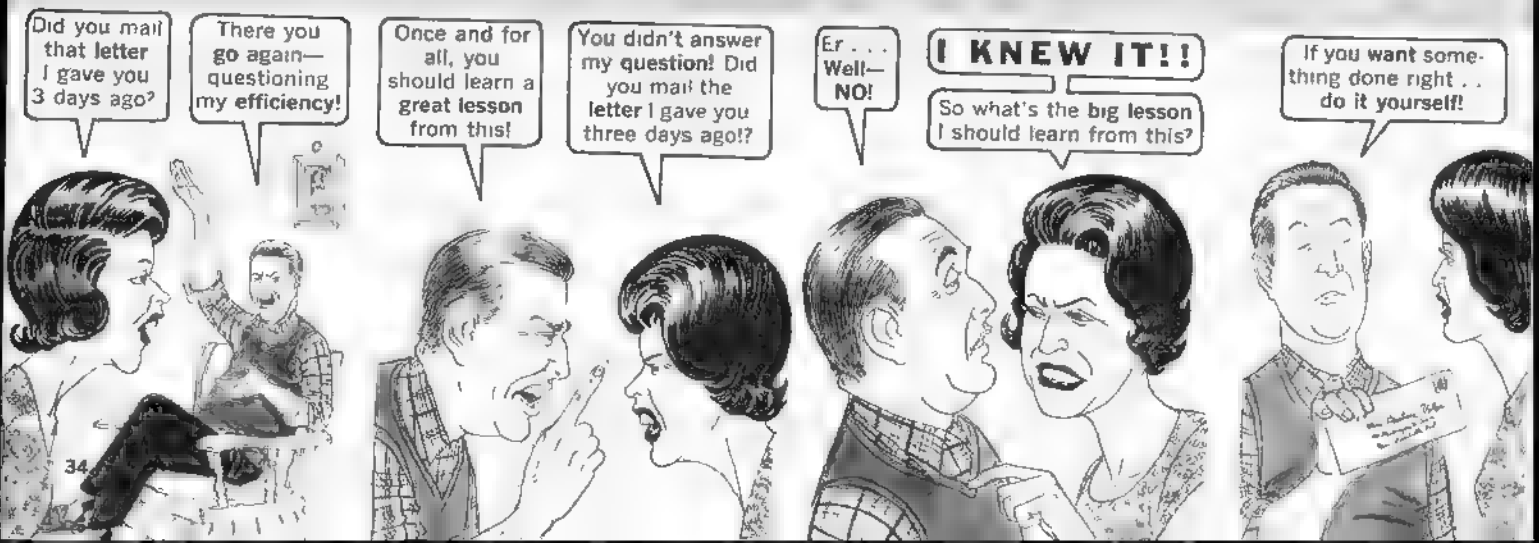
VOLUME I OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA



For less than $10, many Encyclopedia Publishers offer the first volume as an incentive to continue purchasing the complete 20-volume set. This will cost your Fink an additional 190 bucks.

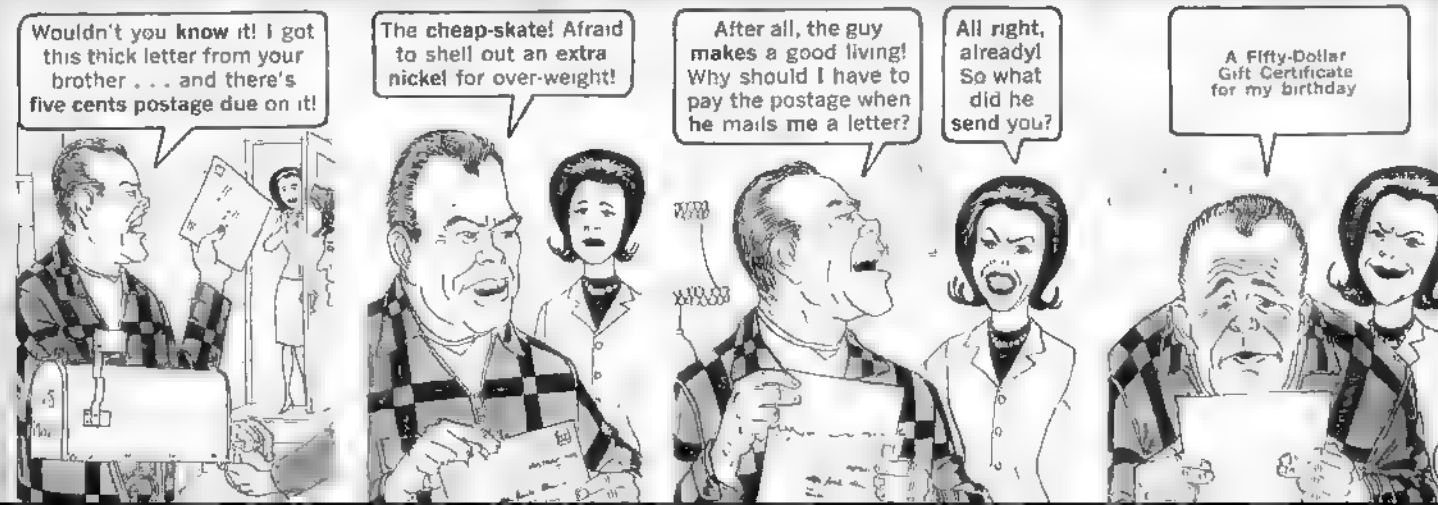
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



MAIL

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



Oh, Boy! Look what Aunt Vivian sent me for my birthday . . . a box of **personalized stationery,** with my **name** printed on **every sheet** and on the **envelopes, too!**

I can't wait to **use** it! Let's see—who can I write to?

Well, you **could** write to **Aunt Vivian** and thank her for **sending** you the lovely personalized stationery!

Are you outta your mind!? What good will **that** do? She already **knows** I've got the stationery! I want to write a letter to someone I can **impress!**

Are you going to send it just like **that?**

Sure! What's **wrong** with it?

They'll never **accept** it! It doesn't have the **Zip Code Number!**

Zip Code Number!? Who needs a **Zip Code Number?** What **more** does that crummy Postal System **need** besides the **person,** his **house,** his **city** and **state?**

See, wise guy! Here's that letter back! I **told** you they wouldn't accept it without a Zip Code Number!

RETURN TO SENDER FOR MORE COMPLETE ADDRESS

The President
to The White House
Washington, D.C.

Darn it! It's **raining** again! How am I going to get this **letter** into the mail box without getting it **wet?**

Tell you what—you open the slot and I'll take the letter out of my purse **real quick** and slip it into the box!

Ready? One . . . Two . . . Three!!

WAIT, MA!

Wait, nothing! **I did it**—and I didn't get **one drop** on it!

That's **great,** Ma! But what will the Post Office do with a **dry Shopping List?**

Oh-oh! Here comes that **big blabbermouth,** Mrs. Kaputnik! If she sees me **home,** she'll know I'm **out of a job,** and she'll tell the **whole block!**

I'll hide—and **you** answer the door!

Hello, Mrs. Kaputnik! How nice to see you!

You're pretty **happy** for a woman whose **husband** is out of a **job!**

B-but, how did **you** know?

Here! The Postman delivered his **Unemployment** Check to **my** house by **mistake!**

What kind of a way is that to open a letter!? You're ruining the return address! Here, let me show you how—

See, you hold the letter this way—tap it so it falls to the bottom—and tear the envelope along the end like this!

That's wrong, Dad! You're ruining the stamp for a stamp collector! Here, let me show you how—

See, you insert a letter-opener into the top of the envelope and slit it . . .

How many times are you people going to open the same letter!? Will you let me have it so I can read it . . .

Mr. Jackson, you dropped this letter! It's from your wife!

Oh, thank you! Tell me—how is she feeling?

I'm in on one of those Mail Order deals where you sell boxes of Xmas cards door to door and win lots of prizes!

So am I! I've sold thirty boxes so far, and I'm winning a bicycle!

Thirty boxes!? Gee, I only sold three boxes! How'd you do it?

Well, you gotta know your territory, and you gotta use salesmanship, and you gotta have a business head, and you gotta have know-how!

And you gotta have one more thing!

What's that?

A lot of relatives!!

Yecch! It's one of those stupid Chain Letters! I could kill the idiot who sent it to me! With friends like her, I don't need enemies! Why do people fall for this childish stuff, anyway? Let's see what this one says—

Gee, when my name gets to the top of the list, I'll receive $1,789! And if I break the chain, something terrible will happen to me like it did to Colonel Furd! Oh, well, maybe I'd better send it to five of my friends . . .

Yecch! It's one of those stupid Chain Letters!

I could kill the idiot who sent it to me!

With friends like her, I don't need enemies!

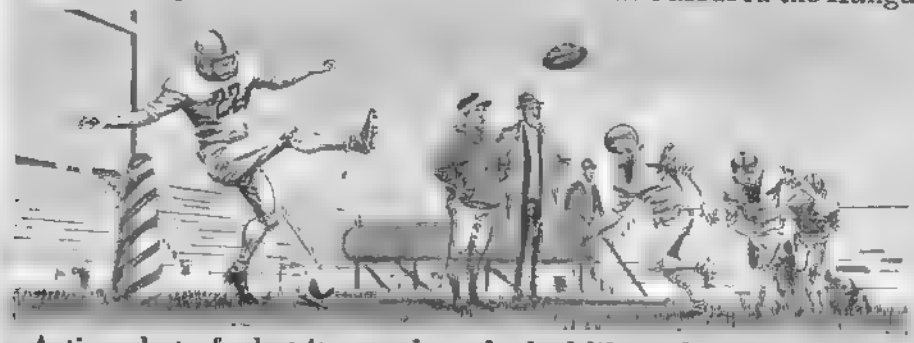
Why do people fall for this childish stuff, anyway?

Let's see what this one says—

When a sports reporter covers a football game, he doesn't mess around. He watches all the action, keeps track of all the plays, then steals the notes of another sports reporter and writes up the game in typical newspaper sports section style:

KOKOMO WHIPS MUNCIE 68-67 BEHIND KICKING OF RINGWORT

KOKOMO, Ind. *(AP)*—The educated toe of Zack Ringwort today gave the Kokomo Kangaroos a 68 to 67 victory over the Muncie Mincers. The win assured the Kangaroos undisputed possession of fifth place in the North Central Indiana Pro Football League.



Action shot of what it must have looked like today as Ringwort kicked winning 75-yard field goal, taken last week at practice.

In a record-breaking performance, the Blonde Booter amazed the 85,000 onlookers and the national TV audience by kicking 17 field goals, the last one with but five seconds remaining in the final quarter.

Trailing 67 to 65 on their own 10-yard line, the Kangaroos appeared to have lost the game. Then came the key play of the afternoon, a personal foul called against Muncie linebacker Gus Faversham for kneeing the referee, who was taking a yardage measurement.

The 15 yard penalty brought Kokomo to its own 25 and set the stage for Ringwort's final kick, a mighty 75-yarder that split the uprights.

ADVERTISING AGE

Footballer's Feat Pays Off In Endorsements, Television Pact

On Monday, NBC announced it was paying Ringwort $70,000 for the rights to air a musical dramatization of his life story. The epic, tentatively titled "I Get A Kick Out Of Me," will star Paul Anka as Ringwort and the Robert Shaw Chorale as his teammates.

Other negotiations afoot include endorsements for "Crummies Bran Yummies," "Wembley's Denture Cleaner," and "Acme Blast Furnaces." A contract to endorse "Ivory Soap" fell through when it was discovered that Ringwort doesn't bathe.

Zack Ringwort shaves after game. Like other "Commercial-Making" athletes, Ringwort does not need to use a mirror any more, due to having shaved before TV cameras so often.

The record-breaking 17 field goals kicked by Kokomo's Zack Ringwort last week have already netted the Blonde Booter more than $100,000.

Immediately after the game, Ringwort signed a $35,000 contract with "No-swet Foot Deodorant," allowing his right foot to be featured in a series of full-color ads in Life, Look and Harper's Bazaar.

POPULAR ASTROLOGY

HOROSCOPE PREDICTS FOOTBALLER'S FATE

Astrologer Omar Pincus was not the least bit surprised when Kokomo football star Zack Ringwort kicked his 17 record-breaking field goals last month.

"I've been expecting it," explained Pincus. "You see, Ringwort is a *Sagittarius* with his moon rising in *Pisces* while *Mars* is descending in *Leo* and *Venus* is marking time in *Cancer*."

"Lucky for him the football used in the game was a *Gemini* and the goal-posts were *Aquarius*. On the other hand, if Kokomo had been playing the Rams *(Aries)*, it would have ended in a tie *(Libra, the balance)*. Then again, Ringwort might have ended up the goat *(Capricorn)* had Kokomo been playing the Scorpions *(Scorpio)*, since he would have missed every field goal try and probably finished as the team *Aquarius (The Water Bearer)*. That is, of course, if you believe all this *Taurus (Bull)*!"

The story at the left, of course, is aimed at sports fans who read the sports sections of newspapers. But what about publications that appeal to other kinds of readers? How do they manage to scrounge up a story from the same football game which will interest their readership? You don't know? You'd like us to show you! What a coincidence! We just happen to have, as this next article...

FOOTBALL AS COVERED BY OTHER PUBLICATIONS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

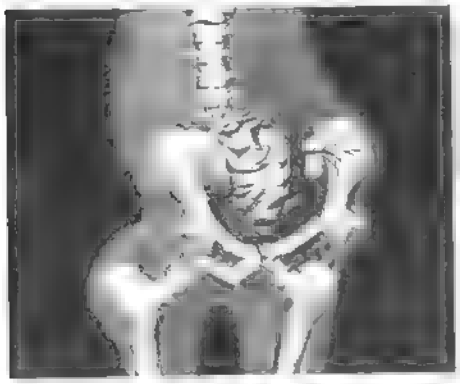
MODERN MEDICINE

Medical Musings

By Harlow Wolfram, M.D.

A classic example of a dislocated pelvis was the highlight of the recent football game between the Kokomo Kangaroos and Muncie Mincers.

While attempting a yardage measurement in the final quarter, referee Melvin Mishkin received a sharp blow in the *ilium* of his *ossa innominata*. The strength of the blow was attributed to the well-developed *quadriceps femoris* of Muncie linebacker Gus Faversham.



X-RAY OF REFEREE MISHKIN SHOWING DISLOCATED PELVIS.

The extent of Mishkin's injury was suspected immediately when he was observed lying on the field, in a state of severe shock, unable to rise and his face contorted in marked pain.

Happily, it was announced the next day that he had, indeed, suffered a dislocated pelvis, which confirmed my earlier diagnosis.

HAIRDRESSERS WEEKLY

Ooooooh, That Ringwort!

by Charles of The Ritzy

Those of us who saw the Kokomo-Muncie pro football game in color went simply wild over Zack Ringwort's adorable new hair styling.

What a treat it was when his helmet was knocked off by those nasty fellows on the other team. His wavy coiffure, set off by that *stunning* cowlick, was simply breath-taking. They don't call him the Blonde Booter for nothing!

Ravishing Ringwort

And his uniform was too much to be believed, the way it complemented his hair coloring. I mean, when he trotted onto the field wearing that *gorgeous* chartreuse jersey and those honey-gold pants, we were all *tingling* with excitement.

I can't for the life of me remember which team won the game, but who cares about a *silly* old score when there's somebody like the Blonde Booter to look at. *Yummy!!*

ELECTRICAL WORKERS WORLD

THE CLARION
OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE CENTRAL INDIANA STATE REFORMATORY

MAN OF THE WEEK

This week's honors go to Harry Snavely (local 592), scoreboard supervisor at Kokomo Stadium. During last week's Kokomo-Muncie game, won by Kokomo, 68 to 67, Harry was kept mighty busy changing the scoreboard lights for the 85,000 spectators.

"I never seen such a high-scoring game," commented Harry. "In the second quarter, when it was 33 to 31, I could see it was gonna be a real hard day's work. But I had a responsibility to all those fans. So I did the only thing I thought fair—I threatened to walk out unless they paid me double time plus a $50 bonus for hazard work."

Thanks to Harry's initiative, he was granted his request, plus extra sick leave, a three-month paid vacation, and $500 in fringe benefits. We know all of our readers will applaud Harry's efforts, which are in the highest tradition of honest and fair Unionism.

"MAN OF THE WEEK" SNAVELY

BIG DAY FOR OUR GUS AT BIG FOOTBALL GAME

Inmates will be pleased to hear that recent parolee Gus Faversham (3 to 10, armed robbery) was prominently involved in last week's Kokomo-Muncie football game.

Although Faversham's Muncie squad was nosed out, 68 to 67, our Gus did his part for the Mincers when he kneed the referee with only five seconds left in the game.

Those of you who know Gus will not be surprised to hear that the referee had to be carried off the field.

GUS FAVERSHAM

HIS FAMOUS KNEE

Gus is having a ~~turr terri~~ terrific year in pro football. Not only is he leading his team in personal fouls, but there is a good chance he will be thrown out of the league.

NATIONAL ENQUIRER

Wife Feeds Kids To Tropical Fish While Hubby Watches Football Game

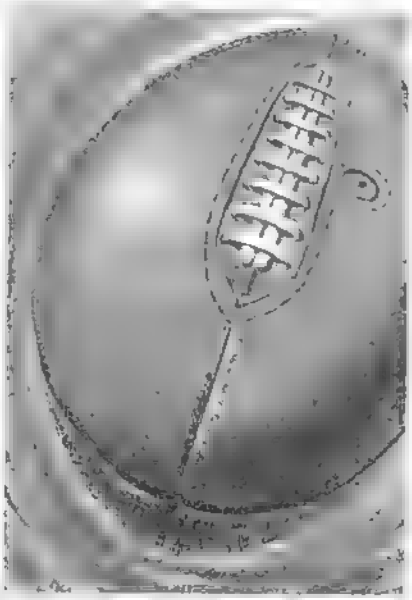
While football fan Louis Ebbenfletzer was watching the Kokomo Kangaroos edge out the Muncie Mincers, 68 to 67, on television, his wife, Margo, was dropping their three children in Ebbenfletzer's tropical fish tank full of man-eating Piranhas.

"I was so thrilled by Zack Ringwort's record-breaking 17 field goals that I didn't pay any attention to the screams coming from the other room," said Ebbenfletzer.

"Actually, it was a mean thing for my wife to do," he explained. "My kids were all football fans and they would have gotten a big kick out of watching Ringwort's fantastic performance."

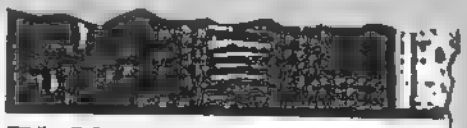
POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY

ACTION SHOT OF THE ISSUE



Titled "Poetry in Flight," this exposure of Kokomo footballer Zack Ringwort's game-winning 75-yard kick was taken at 1/1200th of a second at *f*. 1.2 with a 305mm Spitz-Grommish lens, using Schlachrome film. The angle captured the ball on its downward flight, just before it shattered the photographer's Lummox X-14 Super-Speed Duoflex.

PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Pièce de Resistance: An observer at the Kokomo-Muncie pro football game reports watching a grandstand Casanova trying, with no visible success, to embrace his shapely, but uncooperative, companion. After one especially ardent attempt, the obstinate lass responded with a resounding slap to the Lothario's face. At the same moment, the public address system, commenting on a particular play on the field, blared out: "Penalty of fifteen yards for pass interference."

CASKET & SUNNYSIDE
THE UNDERTAKER'S MONTHLY

Editor's Note:

We regret to inform our readers that we can no longer report on professional football games. Due to the lack of fatal injuries, as witnessed in the recent Kokomo-Muncie game, our athletic correspondents have been instructed to restrict their reporting to the only interesting sport left in America—boxing.

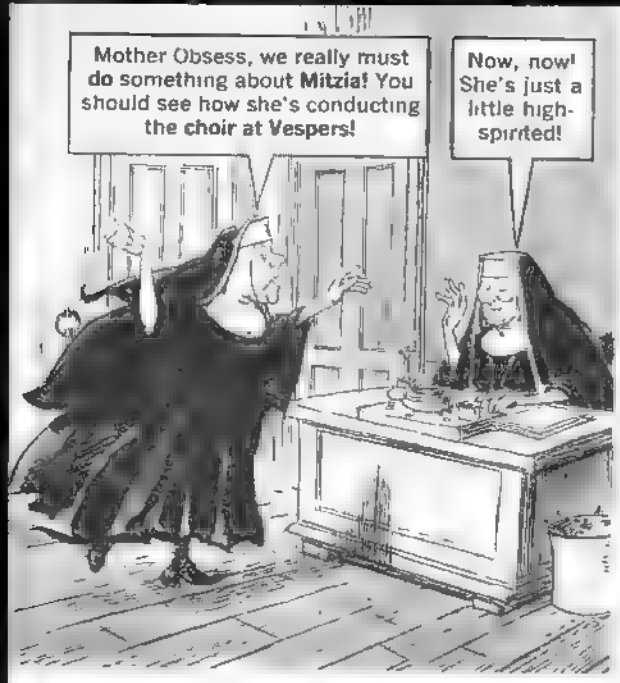
BAITING THE TRAPPS DEPT.

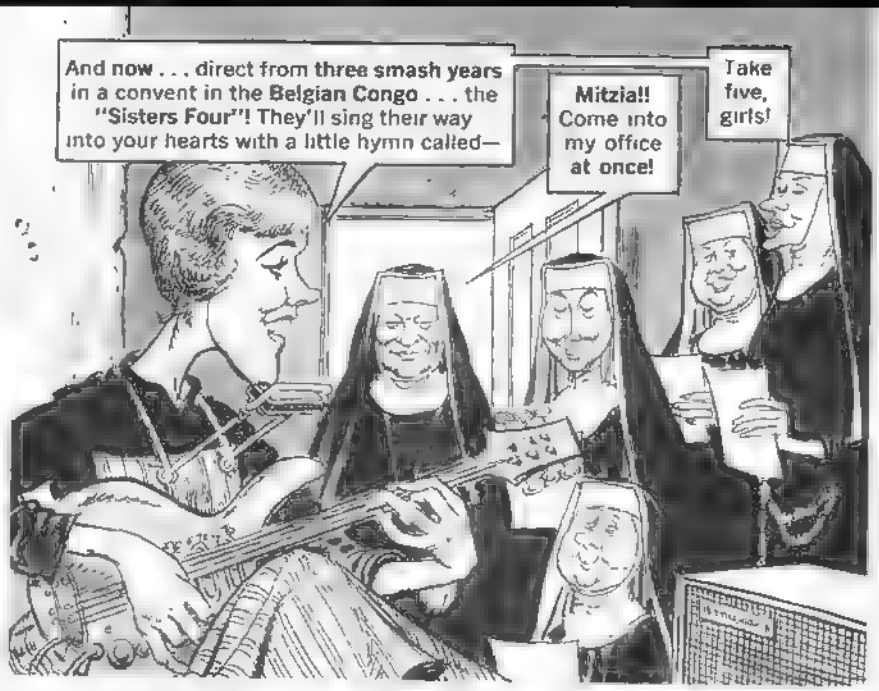
In times past, Hollywood has turned out some big, corny movie musicals. But the biggest, corniest movie musical of all is now playing. Sure, the songs are lovely, but take them away and what have you got? Nothing but a collection of the same old dull clichés and boring tear-jerker gimmicks that you've been seeing in movie musicals for years. (We're even falling asleep writing this introduction about it!) It's obvious that this motion picture was made with only one goal in mind: Mainly to hear

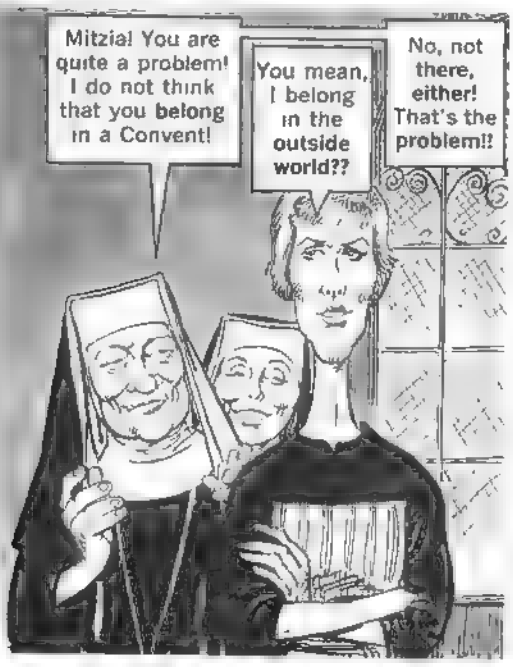
THE $OUND OF MONEY

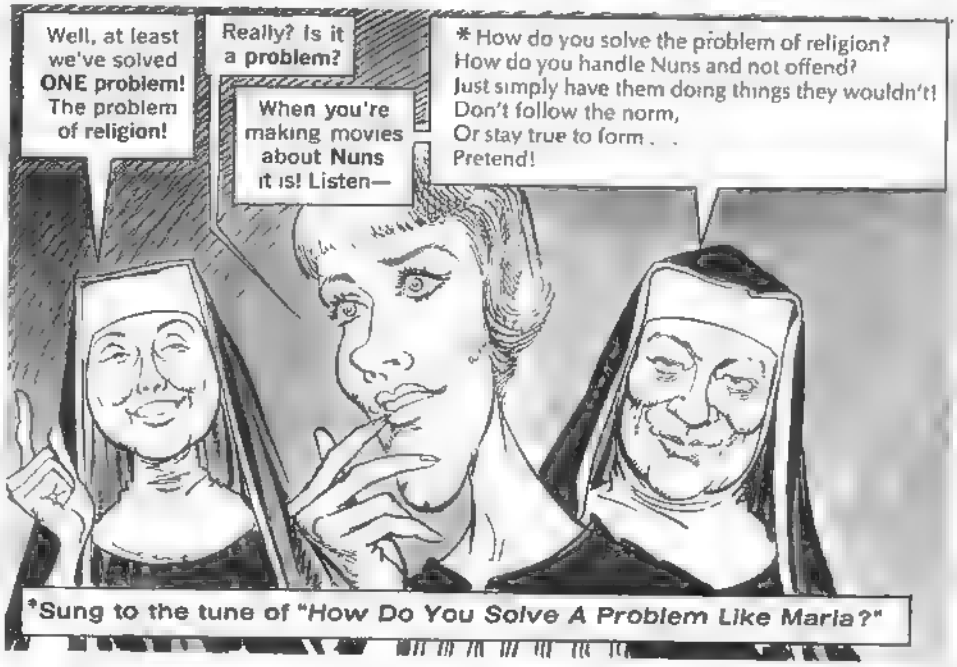
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: STAN HART

*Sung to the tune of "The Sound of Music"


Mother Obsess, we really must do something about Mitzia! You should see how she's conducting the choir at Vespers!
Now, now! She's just a little high-spirited!

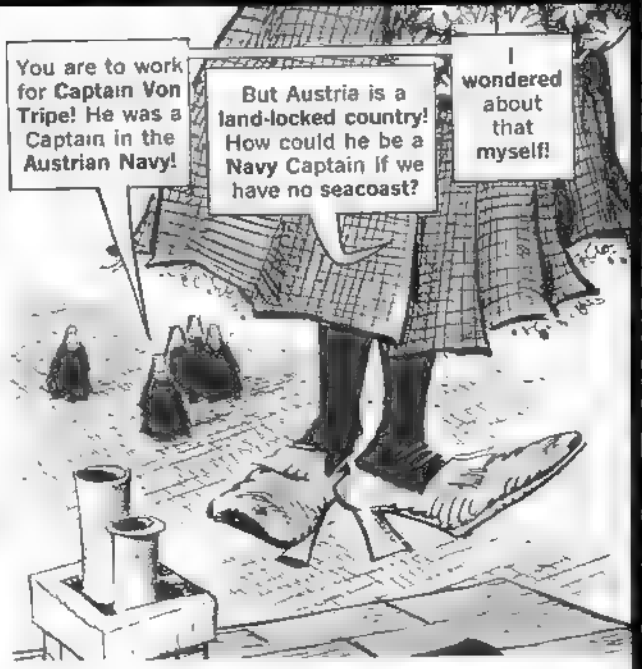

And now . . . direct from three smash years in a convent in the Belgian Congo . . . the "Sisters Four"! They'll sing their way into your hearts with a little hymn called—
Mitzia!! Come into my office at once!
Take five, girls!

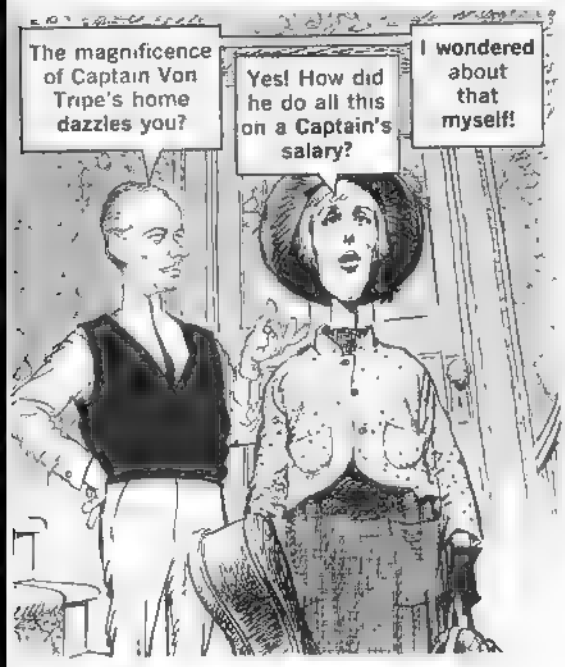

Mitzia! You are quite a problem! I do not think that you belong in a Convent!
You mean, I belong in the outside world??
No, not there, either! That's the problem!!


Well, at least we've solved ONE problem! The problem of religion!
Really? Is it a problem?
When you're making movies about Nuns it is! Listen—
* How do you solve the problem of religion?
How do you handle Nuns and not offend?
Just simply have them doing things they wouldn't!
Don't follow the norm,
Or stay true to form . .
Pretend!
*Sung to the tune of "How Do You Solve A Problem Like Maria?"

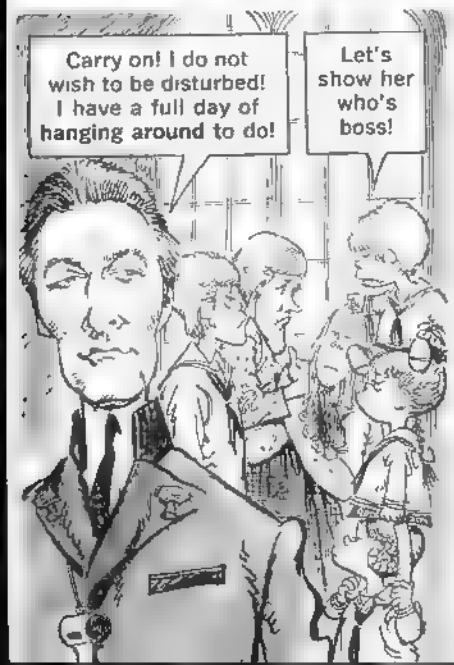
Just show a kookie Nun who rides a scooter;
Or show a Sister try to fly a kite.
The movies can make folks feel
That all these events are real,
And being a Nun is fun from morn' till night!
People will eat up films about religion!
Just keep them cor-ny, sacch-ar-in and trite!
Ingrid Bergman, you'll recall,
As a Nun would play baseball,
And sweet Audrey Hepburn
Convent life forswore,
Sister Debbie was so swinging
On her motorbike, while singing,
Old Roz Russell, Donna Reed, and many more!
All the Nuns sang a lament
While they mixed up their cement,
Playing "Lilies Of The Field" with so much zeal;
Deborah Kerr was quite specific
On that spot in the Pacific;
Celeste Holm, Loretta Young all had appeal.
Yes . . . everyone loves a picture on religion—
Long as the Nuns and Priests are so unreal!

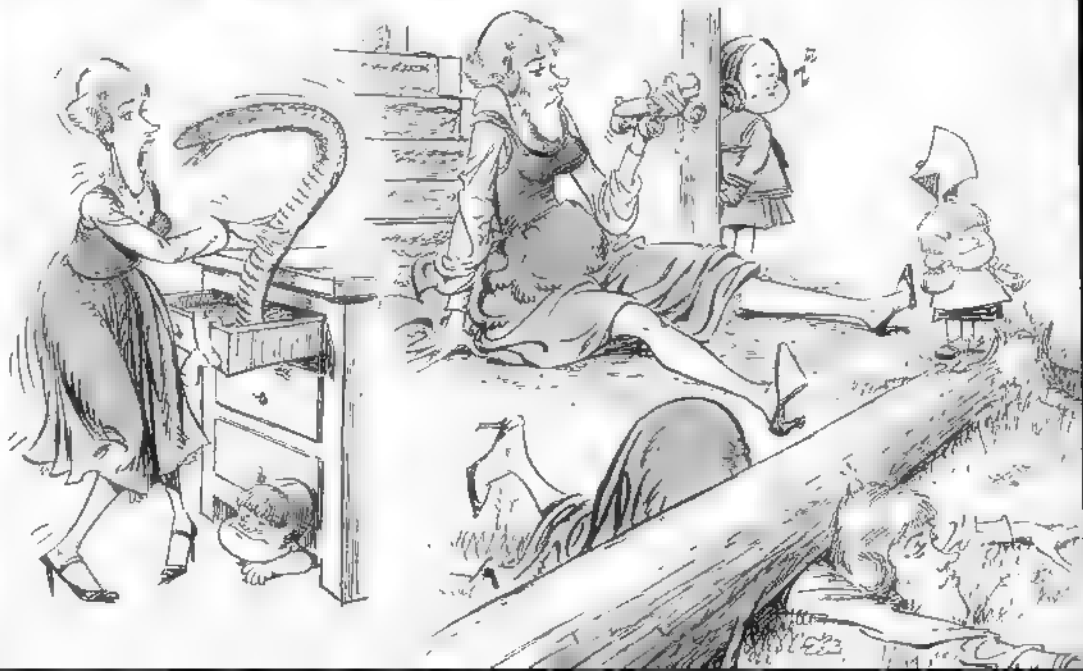
You must leave here and get a position somewhere! Let's see—can you type?
No!
Can you take dictation?
No!
Can you take care of children?
Didn't I win an Academy Award for doing just that? How soon we forget!
Coming Soon! The Zula and the Zayda


You are to work for Captain Von Tripe! He was a Captain in the Austrian Navy!
But Austria is a land-locked country! How could he be a Navy Captain if we have no seacoast?
I wondered about that myself!


The magnificence of Captain Von Tripe's home dazzles you?
Yes! How did he do all this on a Captain's salary?
I wondered about that myself!

These are my seven children. They are well-mannered, courteous, and respect their elders!
Shame on you! These are not children! You have robbed them of their childhood!
What makes you say that?
They are well-mannered, courteous, and respect their elders! You call that being children!?


Carry on! I do not wish to be disturbed! I have a full day of hanging around to do!
Let's show her who's boss!



What happened to you?

Nothing, Captain—it's just a flesh wound!

She didn't squeal on us!

She could've gotten us all into trouble!

She's not like our other Governesses!

This one is a real jerk!

THAT NIGHT

I came in because I heard you whimpering! There . . . there . . . Don't be afraid! The thunder and lightning can't hurt you!

That's what YOU think! And get your hands off my security blanket!!

We're frightened of the thunder and lightning, too, Mitzia!

Don't worry! I'll fix that! I'll sing you a song!

What will that do?

Well, it will get rid of the thunder and lightning for a while . . . so the audience can hear the music and lyrics! And that should rid you of your fright!

Boy . . . that's the corniest old gimmick!

That's not the ONLY one we'll be pulling in this movie! Want to hear some others?

* Lightning and thunder and
Danger that hovers,
Scared little children who
Hide under covers
When I start singing, then
Happiness springs—
These are just some of the
Corniest things!

One little kiddie who
Lisps out a sentence;
Makes his stern Daddy so
Full of repentance;
Movie fans love all the
Tears that it brings—
These are just some of the
Corniest things!

See how the children all
Love one another,
You know that's nonsense if
You have a brother!
Who can believe that such
Harmony rings?
These are just some of the
Corniest things!

When a storm comes,
And we're frightened
By the things we
Dread,
We put on our nightclothes and
Jump up and down,
And break hearts—but not
The bed!

*Sung to the tune of *"These Are A Few Of My Favorite Things"*

I'm tired of hanging around the country! I'm going to Vienna and hang around the city for a while!

While your father's away, let's have a little fun! We'll go bicycle riding, hiking, swimming and picnicking!

That's okay with us, but what's it got to do with this story?

Nothing at all! But movie fans love to see scenes where unhappy kids are finally having a good time! It's commercial! And remember! We're not in this movie for our health! We're in it for the MONEY!!

*DOUGH...
Means cash for all of us!
RAY...
For musicals like this!

*Sung to the tune of "Do...Re...Mi"

ME...
A "Star" so big that by
FAR...
It couldn't really miss!

SO...
Insipid is the plot;
LA–
Dee-Da, although we know,
TEE–
Dee-ous it is, a lot,

It will bring us
Back much
DOUGH...DOUGH...
DOUGH...DOUGH...

Captain, I've heard your children sing, and I think they have a great future working in Show Business!

They can never do that! It would violate a Von Tripe tradition dating back six centuries!

What tradition?

Continuous Unemployment!

Mitzia, I think the Captain is in love with you!

B-but, Countess! I love the Captain! If it's true that he loves me, then I must leave! And if that doesn't make any sense to you, it makes even less to me! But I didn't write this picture! Did anyone?

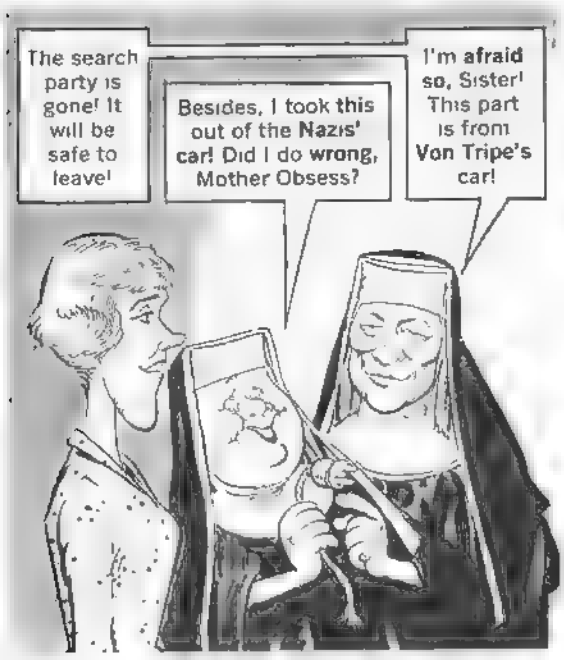
Mother Obsess, I want to come back to the Convent!

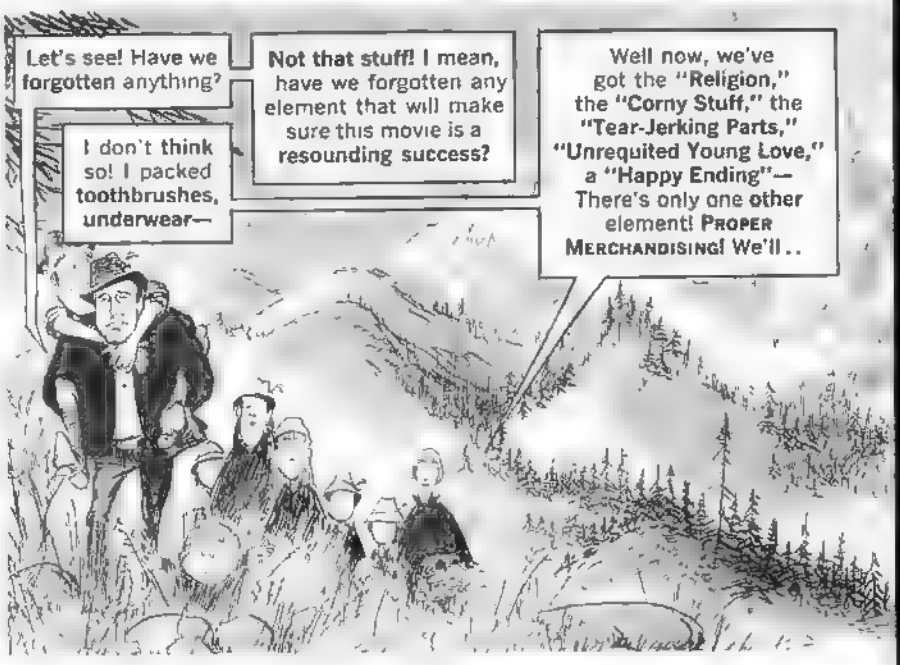
You can't come here to escape the outside world, Mitzia!

Why not??

Because we came here to escape from you!!

Countess, I cannot marry you I am in love with someone else!
You didn't have to tell me! I am a woman, and a woman's heart knows! It's that Dancer in Vienna!
It's that Nurse in Salzburg!
That waitress in Carlsbad?
Well, who is it, then?
Mitzia??
All right, I'll tell you! It's . . . it's . . . I'm so bad at remembering names . . .
You are so wise!
No, it isn't her!
Not her, either!
No, not her either!
Guess!
Are you sure it's love, Captain? Or could it just be the fascination of saving money on a Governess?
If you really knew me, you wouldn't ask that question! Actually, it's a little of both!!
Isn't it lovely, Mitzia! You've got seven little attendants!
What's so lovely? They're all from HIS side of the family!
Sorry to interrupt your honeymoon, Captain, but I order you to report to Bremerhaven to join the German Navy!
You must be joking!
Listen, Bud, I'm not one of those lovable Nazis you see on television!
I can't join the German Navy, Mitzia! I just can't!
Poor dear! It's against your principles!
No, it isn't that! You see, I'm not really a Captain! I just have this "thing" for Sailor Suits!
We must leave Austria, but the Nazis are watching every road out!
Let's join the children at the Folk Singing Festival, and then escape!
Excellent idea! Pack only what we'll need for the trip! That's three Sailor Suits, two Whistles, and my Security Blanket!
We've finished our song! Now's our chance to escape!
While the audience is applauding?
No . . . while the audience is sleeping!
Stop them . . . stop them!
From trying to escape?
No, from doing an encore!

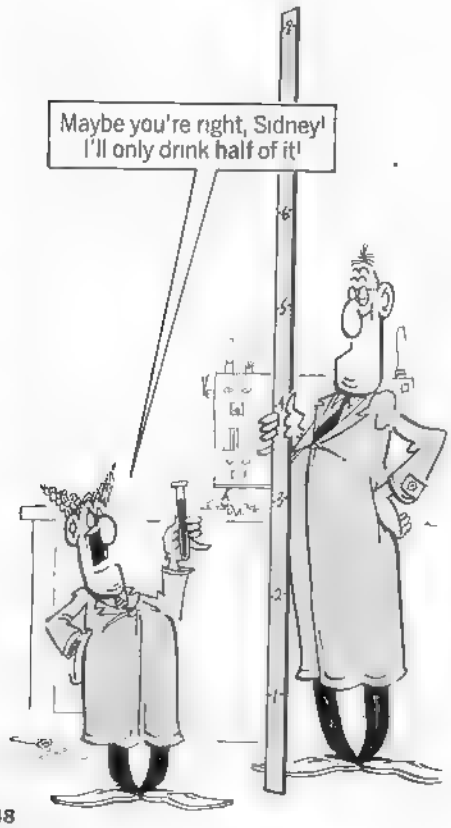


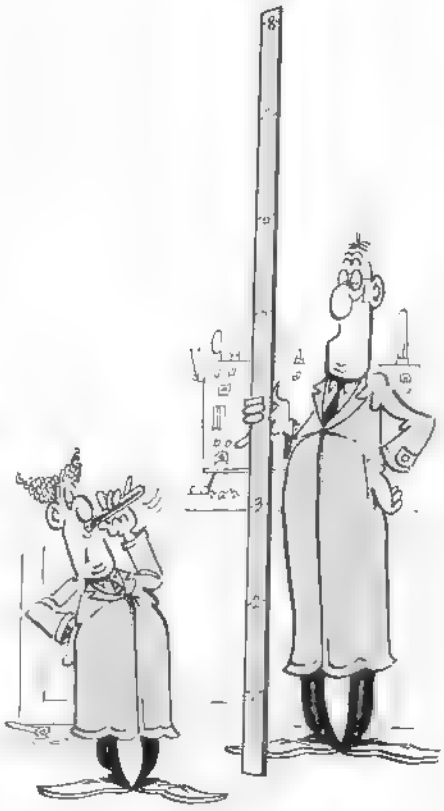


*Sung to the tune of "Climb Every Mountain!"

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

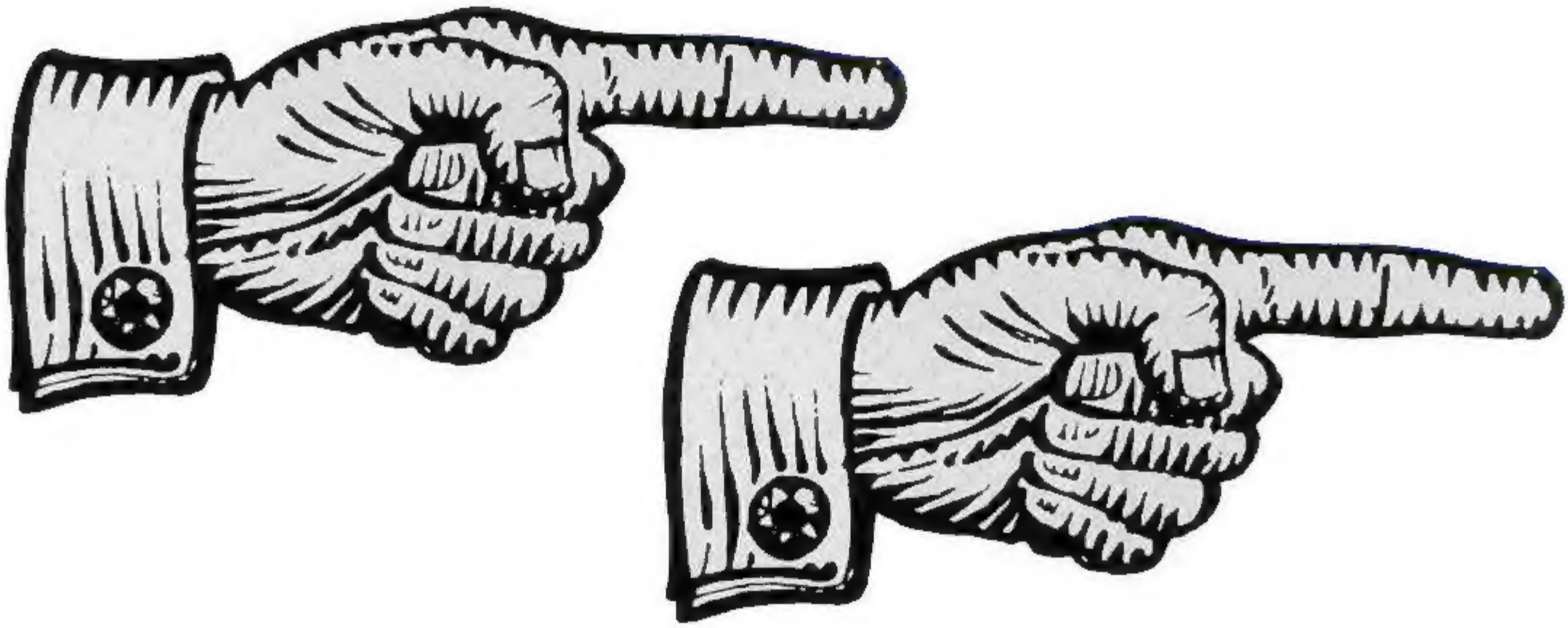
ONCE AGAIN IN THE LABORATORY





Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



A Christmas Message from SANTA CLAUS

A ▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

Don't let the Peddlers of Fear and Pessimism tell you that our wonderful world is Doomed! Using my wisdom and experience, I can assure you that a Glorious, Resplendant Future will still belong to you if you will but aspire to achieve it. All Hate, War, Greed, Suffering and Sin will soon vanish from the earth, and man will find Peace. Yes, a Golden World is coming your way ...take it from wise old

—Santa Claus

Jaffee

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▸ For MAD's Comment On This Message, Fold Page In As Shown Above ◂ B

A ◗◖ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

Don't tell
Us you
still
believe
in

Santa
Claus

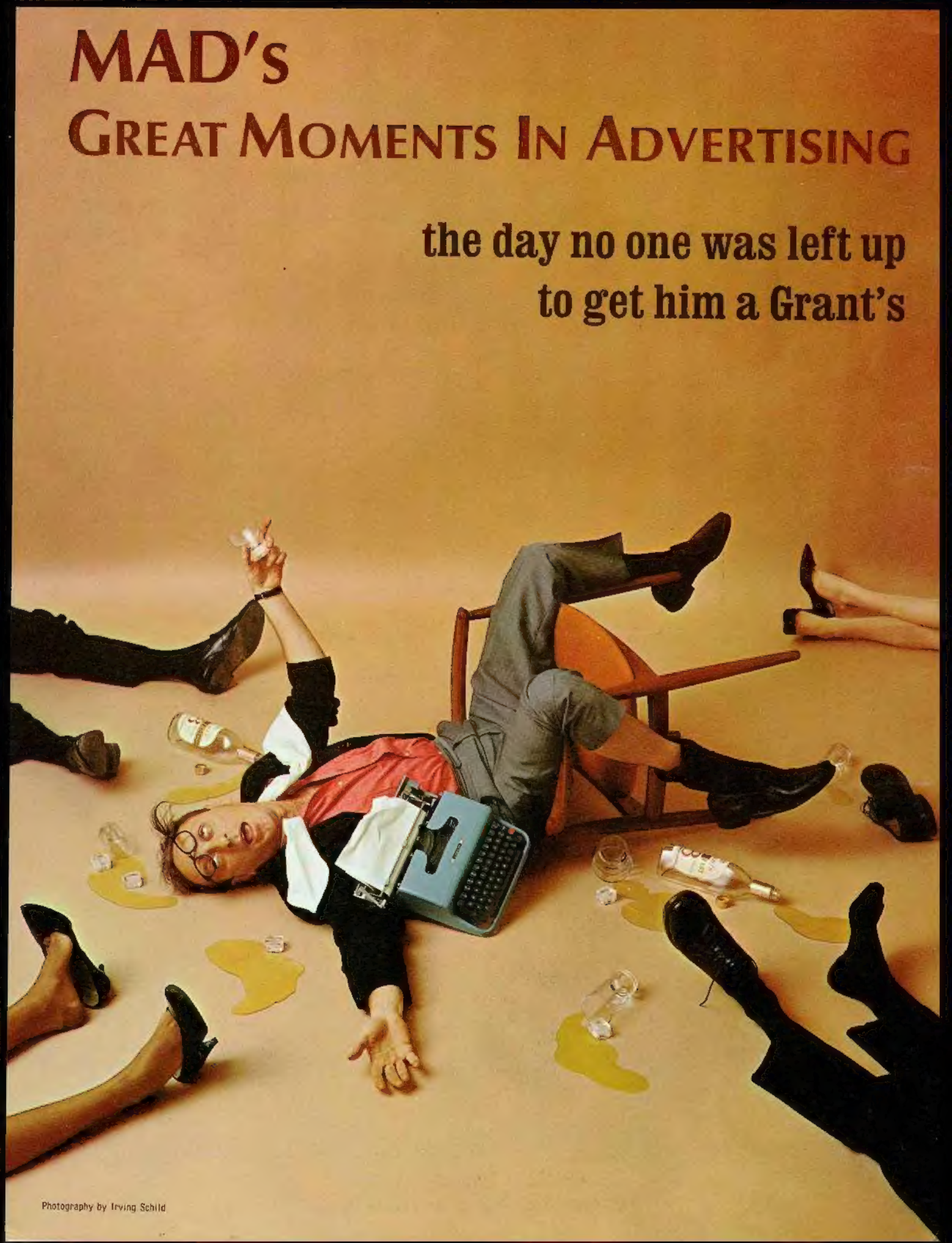
Jaffee

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ◗◖ B

MAD's
Great Moments In Advertising

the day no one was left up to get him a Grant's



Photography by Irving Schild